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UNCLE SAM'S BEST SELLERS *By Paul Bixler*

IN THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviews "My America" by Louis Adamic

JAMES FREDERICK GREEN
Reviews "My Austria" by Kurt Schuschnigg

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "The Ugly Dachshund" by G. B. Stern

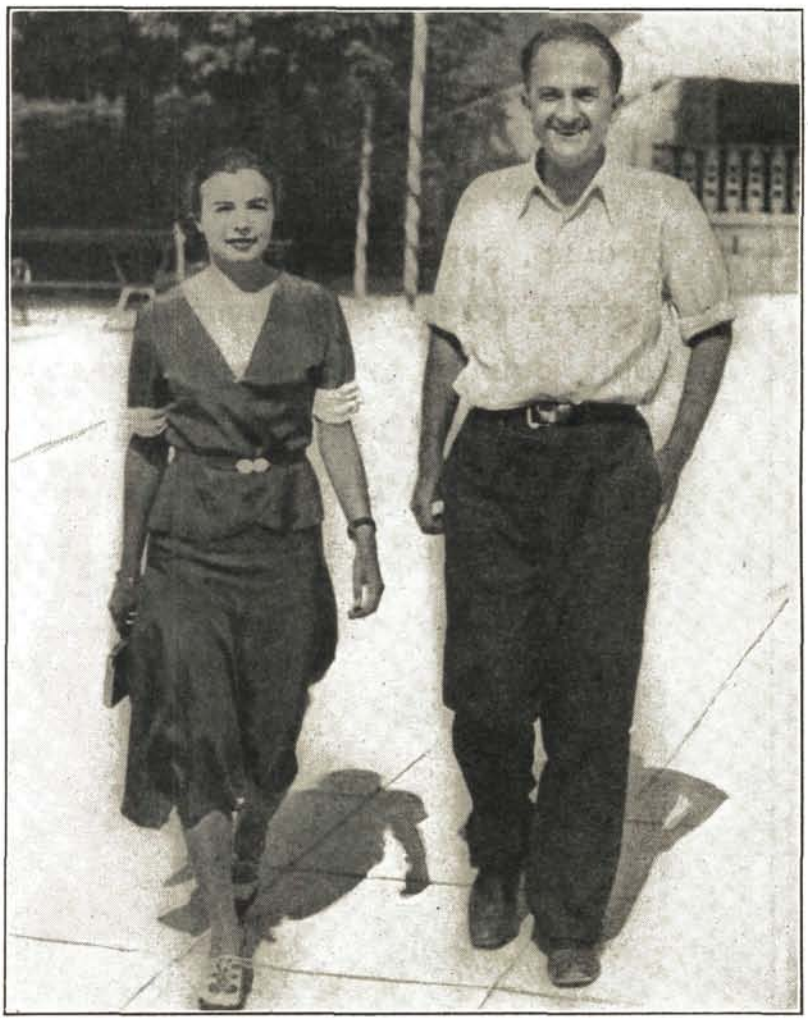
JONATHAN DANIELS
Reviews "Kindling" by Nevil Shute

OLIVER LAFARGE
Reviews "Brazos" by Ross McLaury Taylor

MARQUIS W. CHILDS
Reviews "The American Way" by David Cushman Coyle and others

EUGENE LYONS
Reviews "Insanity Fair" by Douglas Reed

Other Reviews by MERRILL DENISON, FRANCES WOODWARD, FLETCHER PRATT, PAUL ROSENFELD, DAVID H. POPPER



LOUIS ADAMIC (WITH MRS. ADAMIC)

"I want America eventually to become a work of art" . . .
(See page 5)

DESTROYER OF A LEGEND *By Homer W. Smith*

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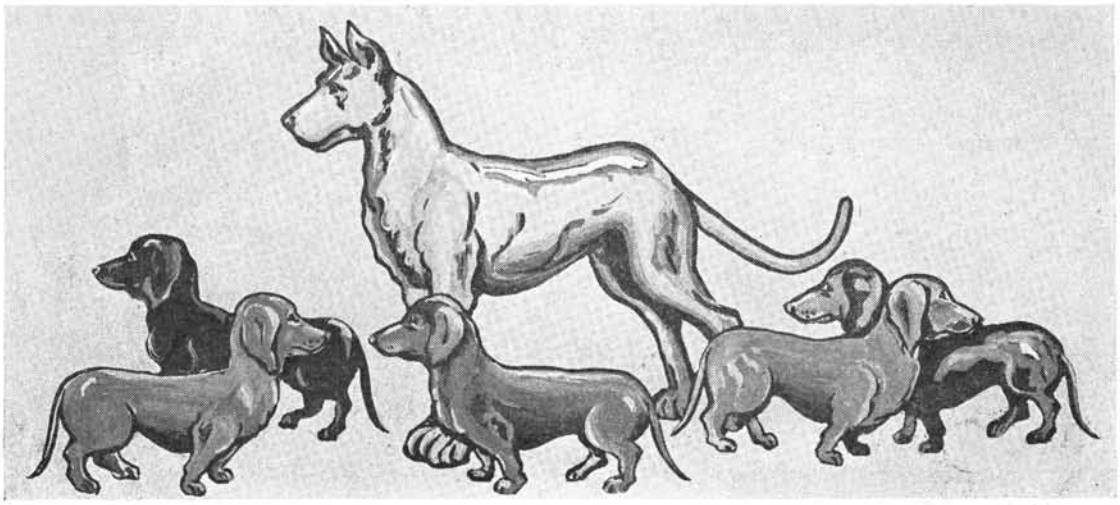
The Ugly Dachshund

By G. B. STERN

THIS story about real dogs behaving in their dog fashion in a purely dog world is more than just a great "dog story"—it is also a short cut to human nature through a new medium, portrayed in Miss Stern's inimitable text and style. Every page is richly flavored with the universal truths which apply equally to man and beast. The human beings who appear merely as shadowy authority in the background, are known as "The Legs." And the dialogue is a bold, gay rendering of what dog language might be if translated into our own.



Price $2.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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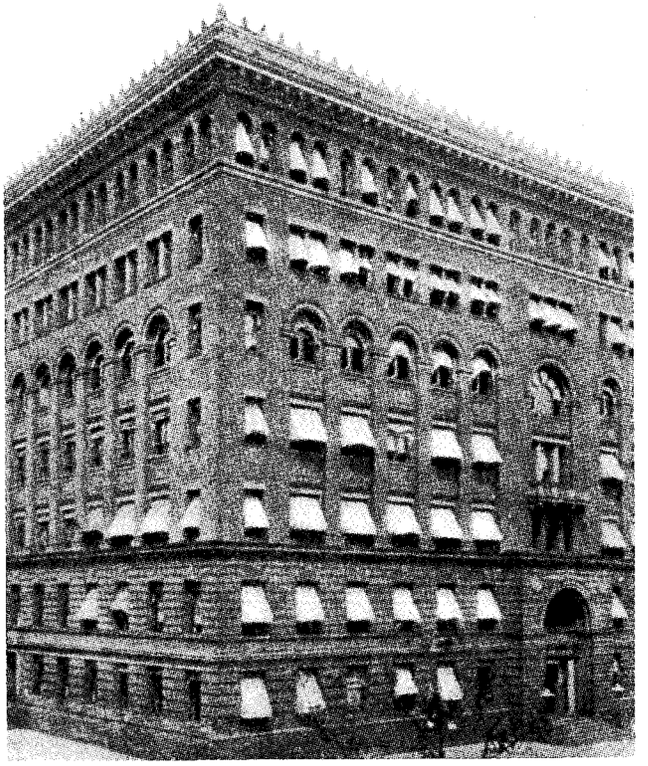
Uncle Sam's Best Sellers

BY PAUL BIXLER

PAUL MALLON tells of an Ohio congressman who watches the birth notices in his district and sends young parents a form letter reading something like this:

"Dear Friends: I have just learned of the arrival of a new visitor in your home and take this opportunity of extending my congratulations. I trust you will find the enclosed booklet, 'Infant Care,' of interest and help. . . ."

On examination some of the details of this story are suspect, but in the large the truth of it comes home. As a vote persuader, the congressman's method gets more action today than baby kissing—which the booklet by inference discourages—or the gift of garden seeds of small fertility. Moreover, he laid hold on the right bait, for no other government publication has ever been so popular.



"Somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000 publications are authored by the federal government annually" . . . (Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.)

When they are not political, utterly dowdy, or full of statistics, government publications are popularly supposed to be funny. Senator Pat Harrison once made the most of a bulletin about "the love-life of the frog," and a few years ago the *Chicago Tribune* had great sport with a pamphlet called "Lamb As You Like It." "Infant Care" has its own little joke: it is published, not, as Mr. Mallon tells us, by the Department of Agriculture, but by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. Having noted as much, we'd better wipe the smile off our face, for whether young parents obtain it free or at the cost price of ten cents, they rarely at the time of their child's arrival receive anything else half as useful.

Like most other government publications, it is a work of composite authorship. In the most recent revision (1935), Miss Katharine Lenroot, chief of the bureau, lists as contributors five doctors representing national children's and medical organizations, and there are others unmentioned but only slightly less important. Building on a sentiment quite proper in a nation which treats its offspring as the lords of creation, it quickly gets down to the business of plain exposition. You learn the hard facts about diet, clothing, and temperature; the details of the first fitting of shoes; the truth about hiccoughs and sun-baths; what to do till the doctor comes; how to fold a diaper. Cheap but adequate illustrations fill its 138 pages and there is an index for emergency consultation.

Something of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that to date it has sold more copies than "Gone with the Wind"—this in competition with its own free distribution five times as large. Altogether, since its first appearance in 1914, the number of copies sold or given away has reached a figure just under ten million.

I have listed it first in a group of best sellers, on page 4. Not included in the group are such recent phenomena as Sol Bloom's heavily subsidized "Story of the Constitution" or the Post Office's "Description of United States Postage Stamps," which at seventy-five cents (cloth) or twenty-five cents (paper) a throw has contributed to the mania of 200,000 philatelists. The Superintendent of Documents has never issued an actual best seller list, nor have I been able to obtain such a list through correspondence. But as far as I can find out, the present group may be taken as representative.

All the listed pamphlets have sold over a period of years, two of them making their first appearance as far back as the first decade of the century. They bridge the gap between the old and the new. They are not so deadly as the old government document, nor do they show the flair of fine workmanship of some of the publications under the New Deal.

You will notice that pamphlets of several bureaus and offices naturally cluster together. With the possible exception of "Child Management," a remarkable job on the social and psychological side as well as the physiological, publications of the Children's Bureau are not far different in make-up and treatment from "Infant Care." Similarly the listed productions of the Public Health Service and of the Agriculture Department may be generally judged from a description of one of them. A glance at a few of the key publications will not only explain most of the others but may teach us something of the public's steady, plebeian reading interests.

Nowadays governments take everything in their stride, including sex. Hence "The Wonderful Story of Life," subtitled "A Mother's Talks with Her Daughter Regarding Life and Its Reproduction." In its twenty pages seven-year old "Helen Elizabeth" learns about the birds, the bees, the flowers (not, however, the same little creatures you and I were told about thirty years ago), and a pair of fertile salmon. It is probable that an occasional parent has learned as much from this monologue in seven chapters as her

Next Week

"THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL—"
By CLYDE BRION DAVIS
Reviewed by Christopher Morley

ROOSEVELT: A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER
By EMIL LUDWIG
Reviewed by Henry F. Pringle

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daughter, for she is warned in a foreword not to "be shocked at anything the child may say." And although members of a generation younger than my own have lamented to me that the ultimate in the man-woman relationship has been left out, I have a feeling that what is left in will do. Further down the list you will discover an almost identical companion piece for the male of the species (. . . "A Father's Talks with His Little Son" . . .). Robert and his father, however, are not quite so popular; the sales are only a little more than half what they are for Helen Elizabeth and her mother.

The sordid facts of human anatomy are displayed at far greater length in the pocket "Manual of First-Aid Instruction," a little publication designed for first-aid contests as well as practical use in the field. The experience of more than twenty-five instructors and surgeons in the Bureau of Mines has gone into its making. At first glance the casual reader may be alienated by the illustrations, which resemble nothing so much as the Bertillon file in a metropolitan police station. They gain, however, from lack of esthetic distraction, and the person who casually picks it up should remember that the publication is possibly not for him but for the summer camp counselor and others who may be faced with fractures, burns, and various forms of unconsciousness miles from medical assistance. And yes, Mr. Mencken, it has an index.

Probably half a million people have in one way or another acquired "The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials" since its first appearance forty years ago. One wonders about the cause of its popularity. Are there that many dietitians, butchers, food manufacturers, and chemists in the United States? Or are there laymen who actually care how much water they are imbibing when they eat ciscoe or brisket of beef? The facts are laid out in tables—the various foods vertically, and the percentages of protein, carbohydrates, fat, "ash," and the calories per pound horizontally. The publication is still selling, although the latest edition is dated 1906.

When Mr. Herbert Hoover was still on the public payroll, he was interested in the National Committee on Wood Utilization, organized primarily to promote the forest industries. "Furniture—Its Selection and Use" and "How to Judge a House" are two of its pamphlets designed for popular reading. Both owe their factual material to imposing batteries of experts and both will repay as much of the householder's time as he is willing to give them. Illustrations are designed to make one wise in the ways of shoddy workmanship and poor materials. Each is essentially as useful today as it was when it appeared in 1931.

Of more than a hundred government publications about birds now in print—some of them technical and of great fullness—the most popular has been the simple "Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard." Designed ostensibly for identification purposes, it manages also to dispel the prejudices of the sentimental and to astonish the ignorant with biological and economic truths. The illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes are small but their colors and lines are sufficiently accurate to allow a child recognition.

Aside from advertising, which the law does not specifically allow, a government best seller is made not very differently from any other best seller. Demand is usually a prime factor. But the interests of the issuing departments and mere chance are not far behind in influence. Like other publishing houses, the government issues plenty of useful, well constructed publications which get relatively nowhere. As valuable as "Infant Care," for example, but with only two per cent as large a circulation, is the Children's Bureau's "Guiding the Adolescent," a pamphlet which someone should have recommended to Sinclair Lewis before he wrote his last novel.

Some of the publications already mentioned might well be grouped together with a number of others not so well known, to make up a family five-inch shelf. Here would certainly go "The Home Medicine Cabinet," issued by the Consumers' Project of the Labor Department, and the Public Health Service's "Common Colds," a small leaflet which by implication and direct statement disposes of enough nostrums to fill a pharmacopoeia. If you are tired of the weekly going over which your clothes receive in a commercial laundry, you would probably like to include also the Agriculture Department's "Methods and Equipment for Home Laundering." Its thirty-nine pages are crowded with such facts as the proper type of floor for the laundry and how to treat infected clothing. Mundane, cer-

(*Continued on page* 16)

Government Best Sellers

Publication	*Issuing Organization*	*Number of Pages*	*Cost in Cents*	*Copies Sold*
INFANT CARE	Children's Bureau	138	10	1,735,066
PRENATAL CARE	Children's Bureau	71	10	819,847
THE CHILD FROM 1 TO 6, HIS CARE AND TRAINING	Children's Bureau	150	15	763,328
KEEPING FIT, PAMPHLET FOR ADOLESCENT BOYS	Public Health Service	15	5	572,119
HEALTHY, HAPPY WOMANHOOD, PAMPHLET FOR ADOLESCENT GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN	Public Health Service	16	5	554,628
CHILD MANAGEMENT	Children's Bureau	107	10	480,875
DIET FOR THE SCHOOL CHILD	Office of Education	15	5	443,534
THE WONDERFUL STORY OF LIFE —A MOTHER'S TALKS WITH HER DAUGHTER	Public Health Service	20	5	367,599
MANUAL OF FIRST AID INSTRUCTION	Bureau of Mines	221	20	364,143
WHAT BUILDS BABIES	Children's Bureau	8	5	273,350
HOUSE INSULATION, ITS ECONOMIES AND APPLICATION	Wood Utilization Committee	25	10	211,800
OUT OF BABYHOOD INTO CHILDHOOD	Children's Bureau	8	5	207,308
THE WONDERFUL STORY OF LIFE —A FATHER'S TALKS WITH HIS LITTLE SON	Public Health Service	18	5	198,479
FURNITURE—ITS SELECTION AND USE	Wood Utilization Committee	115	20	175,127
GRADE MARKING OF LUMBER FOR CONSUMERS' PROTECTION	Wood Utilization Committee	16	10	132,931
CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF SECONDARY EDUCATION	Office of Education	27	5	129,820
STORY OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE	Interior Department	20	5	119,931
CLOTHES MOTHS AND THEIR CONTROL	Agriculture Department	8	5	118,190
CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF AMERICAN FOOD MATERIALS	Agriculture Department	87	10	111,205
HOW TO JUDGE A HOUSE	Wood Utilization Committee	85	10	104,309
FIFTY COMMON BIRDS OF FIELD AND ORCHARD	Agriculture Department	87	25	89,861
INSULATION ON THE FARM	Agriculture Department	49	10	54,119
HOME CANNING OF FRUITS, VEGETABLES, AND MEATS	Agriculture Department	38	5	49,143

All sales are made by the Superintendent of Documents of the Government Printing Office.

Free distribution, which is handled by the bureau or office issuing the publication, is usually much greater than the figure for sales. Extreme example: the Children's Bureau has given away 8,233,558 copies of "Infant Care."

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Adamic's America

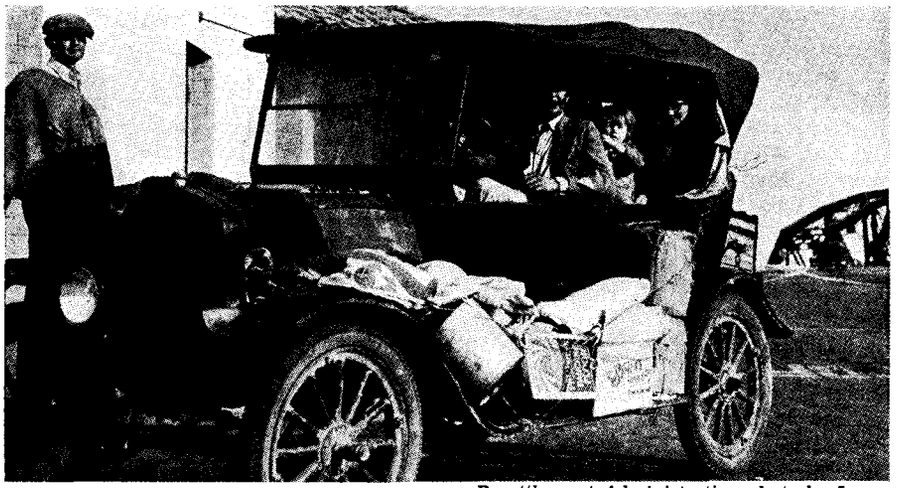
MY AMERICA: 1928-1938. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

A CURIOUS but significant book is this. It might be well entitled "A Potpourri of America." It is not cast as autobiography, according to the formal rules of the autobiographical art. It is something more than an unrelated collection of essays, sketches, magazine articles, diary entries, and incidental philosophy. Yet because the incidental philosophy permeates all the contents of the book, it has unity. And when the reader has reached page 662, he knows what Louis Adamic thinks of America. Moreover, the reader knows that Louis Adamic's opinion is worth considering. For in this book he reaches such a wide scope of American areas, both geographically (from coast to coast and from the lakes to the south) and socially (from Rupert Hughes, "a sort of Doctor Johnson from Hollywood," to the coal bootleggers of Pennsylvania), that his evidence may well be accepted as the views of an expert.

He proves further that he is an expert by rendering a balanced judgment. In his America, he takes account of the unrest of labor. He has set down the real and cruel grievances of the underprivileged. He has a keen sense of the inertia of the middle class and of middle-class idealism and unconscious middle-class class-consciousness. He knows the roadside Americans, the girl at the lunch counter, the filling station boy who wipes your windshield and hopes next year to own a filling station down the road. And he knows the labor agitator and the labor dynamiter, and the boss's spy. You also meet the boss, who is harried, tempted, rather mean, sometimes gentle, occasionally, even generally, decent according to his lights and standards. Here in these pages one sees the mill town and the mining town; and the little country town with elm shaded trees and wide lawns where a good two-fifths of our population live; the towns between five hundred and fifty thousand, the homes and fortresses of the middle class. And one sees also here in these pages, the great magnificent cities, the wide harbors with gull-like ships and the rich black plowing land of the farms, and the desert with swirling dust. And when the reader comes to the last paragraph, which declares, "I want America to have a chance to think and debate about the methods of progress most suited to her, and gradually —not via any shortcuts—to deal with her internal discords and incongruities which are dislocating her life, throwing it out of focus. I want America to remain America. I want America eventually to become a work of art,"—when one reads that paragraph of this book, over the long winding way of this book, the general impression the reader gets is that he has been looking at a picture of democracy by a laughing idealist. The artist who paints this picture gives the impression that he has a potent passion for democracy even though he knows she has a wart on her neck and a wen on her chin, eats too many calories, and bulges in the wrong places, has a mad strain in her ancestry and goofey children, but still the passion persists and glorifies the picture.

That is about what the book is—a beautiful book, as American as "Roughing It," brought up to date. It is as though Mr. Adamic had taken the song "America the Beautiful" and had played it on every kind of a musical instrument from a horse fiddle to a celestial harp, and by some magic had harmonized it all into a vast choral symphony. Which is to say that "My America" is well worth reading, rereading, pondering, and engraving upon the heart of America. In short it is a swell book!



Resettlement Administration photo by Lange

"He knows the roadside Americans" . . . (Photograph from "Roots of America" by Charles Morrow Wilson: Funk & Wagnalls).

Kurt Schuschnigg with his son.

Austrian Obituary

MY AUSTRIA. By Kurt Schuschnigg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

PROBABLY no book in recent years has been published under such extraordinarily dramatic circumstances as "My Austria," which unexpectedly has become the obituary of a once proud and powerful state. In August, 1937, Chancellor Schuschnigg completed his narrative; in November, the book was published in Vienna; in March, 1938, the subject of the book disappeared from the map; today, its author suffers confinement and faces trial for high treason. Combining the history of the Austrian republic and the autobiography of its last chancellor, the volume is of unusual interest to both historian and general reader. It makes for difficult reading, however, as Dr. Schuschnigg is not a professional writer, and his translator, Mr. John Segrue, adheres so faithfully to the original text that his English version proceeds at a pedestrian and often awkward gait. Even though the story is told in an episodic and incomplete manner, with only a few editorial footnotes, the reader gains considerable understanding of the forces, both internal and external, which destroyed Austrian independence two months ago. The volume contains many excellent photographs, as well as an introduction by the ubiquitous Dorothy Thompson, who recites somewhat breathlessly the events leading to the downfall of Schuschnigg.

Although the Chancellor keeps himself in the background of his narrative, he constantly reveals his personality and political motives. There can be no doubt that in courage, sincerity, and perseverance, Kurt Schuschnigg served his country well. In his Catholic faith, his self-discipline and intelligence, and in his inability to arouse popular support, Dr. Schuschnigg closely resembles Dr. Bruening of Germany, who likewise was

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overthrown by the Nazi party. Two of the finest chapters in the book deal with his predecessors, Seipel and Dollfuss, for whom he had a profound devotion.

What causes the decline and fall of a modern state? Chancellor Schuschnigg answers this question with such clarity that his book might well serve as a case-study for political scientists. At least six factors emerge as contributing to the disappearance of Austria: the unfair provisions of the peace treaties; the removal of the Hapsburgs as a centralizing influence; the inexperience of the people with democratic government; the absence of a strong executive under the 1920 constitution; the increasing tension of the class struggle; and pressure from Nazi Germany.

It is apparent that the Treaty of Saint-Germain set the stage for the series of tragedies to be enacted at Vienna. Containing approximately the area and population of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, the new Austria was crippled by its paucity of resources and by the tariff walls which cut across the old Empire. Valuable as a buffer state, Austria was given both diplomatic and financial support by the erstwhile Allies, whose failure to permit economic *Anschluss* in 1931 contributed to territorial annexation in 1938. Hopelessly weak under the disarmament clauses of the peace treaty, the government came to rely heavily upon the *Heimwehr,* led by Prince Starhemberg, for maintaining internal order.

The breakdown of parliamentary institutions in Austria proves once more that democracy is the most difficult of all forms of government. Restoration of the Hapsburgs, which might have provided stability, was forbidden by the Little Entente. In the absence of a powerful executive, political strife increased until 1934, when Chancellor Dollfuss established the new constitution, making Austria a corporative state without parliament or parties. Dr. Schuschnigg places the blame for class warfare and political chaos squarely upon the Socialists, who controlled Vienna and refused to coöperate with the clerical and conservative cabinets. Whatever the responsibility of the Socialists for the collapse of self-government, it can hardly be denied that the bombardment of the Karl Marx apartments in February 1934 was the fatal moment in Austrian independence. Neither Dollfuss nor Schuschnigg was able thereafter to gain the support of the Vienna working classes, without which the new corporative state could not survive.

With regard to foreign affairs, Dr. Schuschnigg is understandably cautious. There are many aspects of recent diplomacy, especially corncerning the Berchtesgaden agreement and the annexation, about which Dr. Schuschnigg can some day publish another important book—if he lives to write another book.

Telepathy and M. Maurois

THE THOUGHT-READING MACHINE. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

EVEN before J. B. Rhine's Duke experiments became spot news, there were many to predict that the next great advance would be the achievement of telepathy, whether by invention or development. It was, therefore, about time that somebody inquired whether it would be attainable in any true sense, and whether, if it were, we would have the millennium by the tail. And it is a good idea that André Maurois, equipped with irony, gaiety, and sweet reasonableness, should do the questioning in his new novel.

You can, says the professor who presents his argument, spy on a man's thoughts to the extent of discovering his "imaginary conversations with his mistress, his colleagues, his children; but it would be a grave error to regard these as true indications of his relations with these people. If they were present, they would argue with him, and their incursions would alter his ideas." Any system of telepathy is "dangerous because it makes people think they are listening to someone's actual thoughts and projected actions when they are really hearing nothing but talk."

Readers familiar with M. Maurois's method (fortunately a large tribe) will know in advance that this reasonable skepticism is wrapped in the garment of a clever little story, with the personages just sketched across the backdrop of the stage where the central idea is being worked out. The people do not move much; their joys and tragedies are rather decorative and unimportant—but that is the way it has been planned, for the author is interested in keeping attention fixed on the idea which is the true central character of the piece.

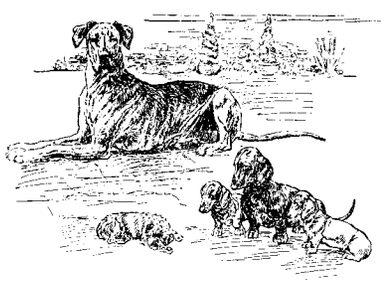
In the present case that idea is sufficiently important to keep the drama moving; and moreover there is in the background a constant orchestration of cheerful little tunes subsidiary to the main one, so that one leaves the place pretty well satisfied with the evening's entertainment. There is not much in "The Thought-Reading Machine" for amateurs either of the fantastic or of science fiction—the machine, as described, has obvious technical impossibilities, and has apparently been introduced only to get telepathy into the story without too heavy a drain on the suspension of disbelief.

Great Dog

THE UGLY DACHSHUND. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $1.75.

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

A REALLY clever translation into Dog, as the author would say, of "The Ugly Duckling." It is a story of a world of legs among which run a family of extraordinarily articulate dachshunds, with one big brother, a Great Dane, who doesn't know he is big, and is infinitely hurt in his simple Anglo-Saxon nature, because no one will take him to bed at night, or give him cooked food instead of raw meat, or allow him in a dory. There is also an old roué of a griffon, terribly sophisticated, terribly amused by the incredible spectacle of a dog who does not know himself. And a movie poodle star, and a sea-going bitch, and indeed all the apparatus Miss Stern needs to make fun of humans by celebrating those qualities possible to dogs which best burlesque the weakness of their masters.



"No one will take him to bed at night." . . . (From the jacket design of "The Ugly Dachshund").

Unlike classic dog stories, this one is entirely unsentimental, indeed is a parody of sentiment. It is incredible in a delightful manner, as it should be, and while I do not know griffons or Great Danes or movie poodles, I can certify that the dachshund nature is one hundred percent correct. So much so that when my neighbors' dachshunds come to call upon my spaniel, I shall expect to hear the puppies break into affectionate German (though they have been told not to speak that language), and the elders whisper to each other of the joys of food. Not quite a first-rate book of its kind because the author has had too good a time with her ironies, but excellent reading. "Plus je vois les chiens, plus j'aime les hommes," says Voltaire, the griffon. But these dogs will please you.

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"The experiences of Brazos himself are pulled up right out of life, whatever sophisticates may think. . . ." (From the jacket design of "Brazos.")

The Texas Frontier

BRAZOS, an Historical Novel of the Southwest. By Ross McLaury Taylor. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

STORIES truly portraying the western frontier of the seventies and eighties, the cattle-drives from Texas to the north, the growing railroads, the wild towns, start off with a handicap in presenting themselves to modern readers. Just as Grey's "Elegy" seems all quotations, too many of the basic situations which really occurred, the brushes with Indians, the red-light districts, the stampedes, are over-familiar to us as clichés of movies and cheap thrillers.

We are over-wise. The men of the old West, the young men today who still live where the old West in part survives, think, feel, act, along the primitive, simple, strong terms of the ballads and the conventional stories, which are themselves reflections of folkways already well established. The song says, "Then a Greaser insulted her picture, And he shot that greaser dead." Well, I know at least one man who did just that, and a solid, substantial citizen he is, too. I have heard a man characterized (and you will find the same characterization in fiction) by saying that, if you were all alone with him in the middle of the prairie, and he said he would sell you a thousand head of yearlings at $6.75, and then on returning to the ranch-house he learned that meantime they'd gone up to $7.00, he'd still stick to his bargain. I have been told by a man who never read or heard of "The Virginian," "When a man uses that name to me, I want for him to smile." We are too wise, here in our cities, and we don't believe that a thing is true if we have heard it before.

The characters in "Brazos" live and move in the idiom of the epic period. The experiences of Brazos himself are pulled up right out of life, whatever sophisticates may think. With real sensitivity of writing and genuine characterization, Mr. Taylor's story of the Texas frontier totally escapes from the class of stilted tales which have built up a general sales-resistance to fiction in this field. The early part of the book, with its understanding study of a sixteen-year-old boy shaping over into maturity, is enriched by local color, background, action, but depends for its success on the universal, human elements which make first-class writing. Brazos goes out for a sort of wild western *Wanderjahr*, from the ranch of his father, a Southern gentleman-pioneer of the type which opened up so much of the West. He moves from adventurous seclusion, into an adventurous world, a wide sampling of life, until just as he has learned how to make his way in safety and in manliness, the course of his education comes to a cataclysmic end in jail.

Until he gets out of jail the story holds its steady, high level. But after Brazos is free again, the stencil begins to show. The last part of the book is a little too much of a success story, the friends turn up too much at the right moment, the happy accident is too frequent. Nonetheless, there is living history in the second part, which concerns the building of the railroad. Yes, there is a major reason for this second part of the book; the story of that frontier wasn't only the cattle and Indians and six-guns, it was railroads and land speculation and all the frenzy of rapid growth.

Mr. Taylor has resisted the temptation to try to be obviously epic. He tells one man's story, and sticks to it. The man is involved in great things which he sees as jobs, experiences, and opportunities to get ahead. He thinks about what the new developments will mean to him, in terms of his chosen career with cattle, in terms of marriage, in terms of immediate advancement, to which he adds the general sense of his country in growth that every citizen had. The result is that a place, a time, a great movement are brought convincingly to life.

Modern Robin Hood

KINDLING. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THESE times are not only out of joint; also the dislocation is lost in complexity. Such a man as Mr. Henry Warren, the British banker, may find money-making in his hurried world as unsatisfactory as the starving of shipbuilders in the sickened industrial town of Sharples. The morals of Mr. Shute's novel are too simple to be entirely satisfactory; but no such thing can be said of his story-telling. He has mixed the harassed and hard-headed finance of the City, with the bawdy politics of a fictionized Balkan state, with the blind starvation of a town built around a shut-down shipyard, to make all conventional economic morality in our age more puzzling than pretty.

Mr. Shute's book might be set down as excellent froth. It is not a great book. It follows the familiar pattern of the unhappy rich man who repaid a local kindness by turning big wheels to make a little town happy. But Mr. Shute has too plausibly presented the twisted evidence. We are made to see too baldly the inhumanity of rigid financiering. We are shown the deliberately greedy stockholder and—ever so lightly—the insensitive churchman, in Canon Ward-Stephenson. The statesmen of the country of Laevatia, whose oil concession is made the fulcrum of the plan to lift Sharples out of its deadly idleness, are drawn in their Byzantine rapaciousness in the garish light of a cheap Balkan café, where among the forces of left-handed righteousness are a Corsican dancer and a professional gambler from Beirut. But the poor men of Sharples are presented in their pain, in their pitifulness, in all their desperate need for work for their hands and food for their bodies. It is the achievement of Mr. Warren that he finds them work, and it is the skill of Mr. Shute that the bribery, fraud, cheating, and corner-cutting of Mr. Warren in this endeavor seem rather the accoutrements of the hero than the evidences of the crook. True enough, Mr. Shute sends his hero to prison, but also and beyond it to the acclamation of Sharples, the love of the pretty secretary of the hospital where Mr. Warren first found Sharples, and to the approval of those of us who read his crimes.

Obviously here again is Robin Hood: and he fits as neatly in his excellently tailored clothes against our background of finance and unemployment, crooked politics and self-indulgence and starvation, as ever he did in his green doublet against the quiet greenwood and under the entirely legal menace of the sheriff of Nottinghamshire. It is the best description and the best praise of Mr. Shute's book that his Henry Warren is a Robin Hood acceptable and plausible (almost admirable) in this puzzled present world.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Reading by Ear

AN average lecture, lasting an hour, runs to some nine or ten thousand words. A rapid speaker can undoubtedly turn out up to fifteen thousand words an hour, but unless he is exceptionally brilliant he will put too much strain on his audience. However, even a moderately slow reader can read twenty thousand words an hour of any book which holds his attention. A fast reader can cover twice as much territory. Subject to variations, it is roughly true that you can read twice as many words in an hour as you can listen to.

From this it might be expected that a lecture, which goes more slowly, is more tightly packed than a book or an article. But the contrary is true. Comparatively few lectures can be successfully published as they stand. Conspicuous exceptions are those which are written for publication rather than the platform: these include, of course, many scientific, literary, or otherwise scholarly lectures. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" was a lecture series; many of Matthew Arnold's best essays were lectures; innumerable other distinguished books have originated from the platform. Still, these are comparatively few out of the vast quantity of lectures delivered, most of which never see print at all. The technique of the lecture platform is different from the technique of writing. The lecturer can give force and effectiveness, by the expressiveness of his voice and personality, to statements which come out pretty flat on paper. Usually a lecture, printed as delivered, is diffuse and repetitious; and most lectures, before they are published, benefit from revision, rewriting, and cutting by at least half.

The other evening we went to hear a lecture by an eminent novelist. It so happened that from where we sat we had considerable difficulty in hearing the lecture at all; by one of those devices with which our civilization occasionally outsmarts itself—an electric amplifier—each word of the speaker's discourse was accompanied simultaneously by the echo of the preceding word. This acoustical criticism is incidental and irrelevant, save that it gave a certain emphasis to one reflection which occurred to us: namely, that in the time it took to go to the lecture hall, to listen to the chairman and the speaker, and to return home, we could have read an edifying slice of the eminent novelist's most recent novel. Not that the lecture was not a good one, as they go; however, the substance of it could have been prepared and presented equally well by a dozen other lecturers, with no loss in flavor or persuasiveness. But there is no other writer alive who could have produced anything like this eminent novelist's written works. Are lectures becoming a substitute for reading?

Any first rate writer is likely to be more effective on the printed page than on the platform. But when he takes to the platform, he removes an important obstacle which separates him from potential readers of his books. The lecture audience is gregarious; each auditor in the lecture hall merges into the crowd, if only slightly, and loses a little of his individual judgment. The reader, however much he may be exposed to literary atmosphere, to conversations about books with other readers, however much he may be influenced by reviews and best-seller lists to follow the crowd, is ultimately a solitary animal. His judgment is sharper, his taste more acute. A reader demands more of a writer—more entertainment, more information—than the same reader, transmuted into part of an audience, demands from the same author transmuted into a lecturer.

This is not necessarily to say that reading is always preferable to listening; it depends on what you are reading and whom you go to hear. Reading by eye is obviously more economical, at least in expenditure of time, than reading by ear; but the latter method has certain obvious advantages from the listener's point of view—in directness of communication, in personal appeal, in tangible impressions. Also lecturing, to a considerable extent, creates a desire for books. The effectiveness of a lecturer who is also an author can be fairly accurately measured in the local bookshops—just as, conversely, the success of a book puts the author in demand on the lecture platform. This suggests that the regular lecture audience and the regular book audience largely overlap; that they are essentially the same audience, on two different levels. If so, America's passion for the lecture platform provides a stimulus to reading, rather than a substitute for reading.

We suggest that similar reasoning applies to other so-called substitutes for reading—the radio, movies, and magazines; that they create more book readers than they kill. This is borne out by the popularity of "movie editions" of novels, and by the demand for books created, under favorable circumstances, by some radio programs. This is admittedly speculative, but it is reassuring to those of us who constantly hear predictions that the printed book is doomed by substitutes.

Town Drunk

BY SLATER BROWN

WHILE thunder clamored in the vale
And lightning slapped through rain and hail,
Tom Grogan full of cider reeled
Into a wide and wind-swept field
And there a-straddle, hatless hurled
Defiance at the neighboring world.

The skies he challenged, God and all,
To smite him with a thunder ball.
And Brother John, who just that week
Had knocked him sprawling in the creek,
At him he flung a double dare
To step right up and fight him there.

And though the lumbering thunder growled
Old Tom the elements out-howled
And shook his fists and howled again
And pranced and capered in the rain,
Delivering prodigious blows
At hosts of visionary foes.

So did old Tom for half an hour
Disport in that wild thunder shower
Till he exhausted by his wrath
Fell senseless in the cattle path
And there he lay in dung and snored
While wind and rain and thunder roared.

Thomas! Thou wouldst have come to greater grief
Were not the skies and Brother John stone deaf.

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Letters to the Editor: *Short Novels Wanted; What is a Mugwump?*

The Prodigal Authors

SIR:—Let me register a plea that some publisher will start the way back to novels and biographies not longer than 400 pages. How long before the wind changes and the strange interlude during which the reading public eagerly grabbed books of 600 to 1200 pages has gone with the wind?

If the publishers could know what people said on Main Street as well as on Wimpole Street, they would know that Babbitt is lined up against Anthony, adverse to overlong literary efforts. A similar protest is now current against the double feature moving picture.

Do not these overlong novels cut into the publishers' profits? Why, on the good earth, do they not see that the shorter works are better suited to the time and the river, and that while the average reader may enjoy spending the forty days on one book, it really applies only once in a lifetime?

There's bound to be less honey in the horn for the publishers when "Book-of-the-Month" means it will take a month to read the book. My prayer for tomorrow is that the publishers will have pity for women readers, and will give us shorter novels, so that after a wakeful night over Taos, we can sleep in peace.

LELAND LOVELACE.

Phoenix, Ariz.

Mugwump

SIR:—Has any critic of "The Politicos," by Matthew Josephson, remarked on his use of the word *mugwump*? For him it is the equivalent of "reformer," "idealist," or "Liberal Republican" from as early as 1872. I was under the impression that, whatever its origin, it first became a term in common use in 1884, when a distinguished section of the Republican party, revolting against the nomination of Blaine, decided, with many searchings of heart, to support Cleveland.

Nowadays, when party ties sit so much looser, it may be hard to realize the tremendous sensation which this decision made. I remember as if it were yesterday the family dinner upon which an excited kinsman burst with the cry, "The *Advertiser* refuses to support!" The *Boston Daily Advertiser* [now a Hearst tabloid], then edited by Professor Dunbar of Harvard, the indispensable morning pabulum of every respectable family in Greater Boston, and as unfalteringly Republican as it was virtuous! To hear it had "gone over" was to feel a horror, or a "fearful joy," such as even the defection of the *Herald-Tribune* could hardly cause today.

LESLIE W. HOPKINSON.

Cambridge, Mass.

"Master Kung"

SIR:—One of the delights of associating with eminent sinologues is found in the fact that they can disagree with each other so violently about unimportant and irrelevant matters. As an example of this I propose to quote a few phrases from Dr. Latourette's review of my book "Master Kung" and from the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Dr. Latourette—"It is not correct to say that pictorial art 'had its first great development' during the T'ang dynasty."

Encyclopaedia Britannica—Under the T'ang . . . printing reached new heights . . . this was undoubtedly the period of China's grandest art."

Dr. Latourette—"The Chinese writing 'brush' or pen had its inception centuries before and not after Confucius."

Encyclopaedia Britannica—"About 200 B.C. a brush of hair was substituted for the bamboo pencil."

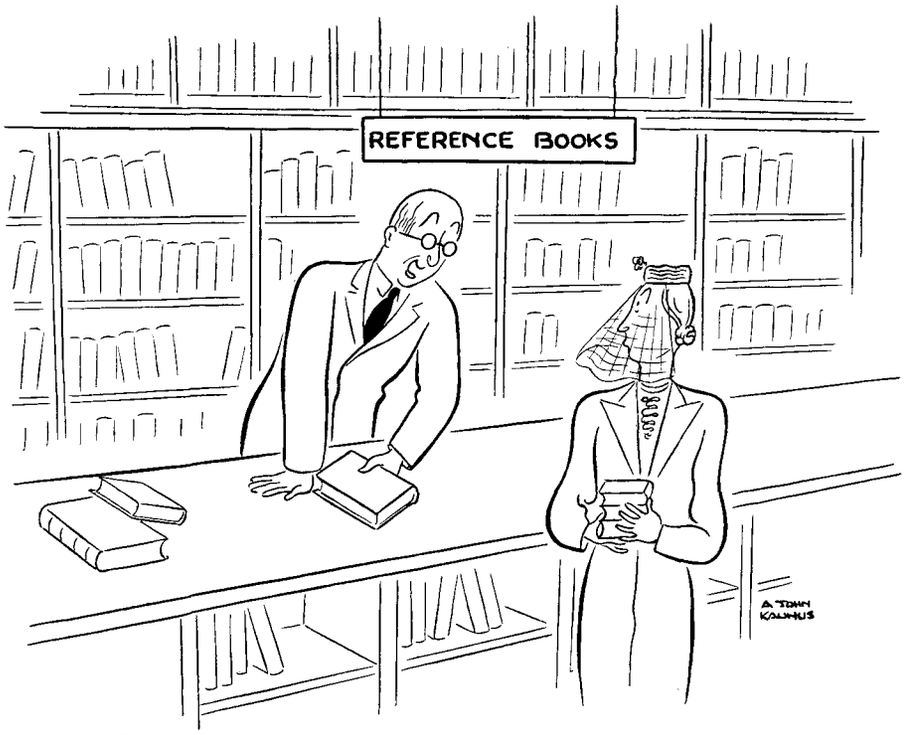
Dr. Latourette—"It is not true that the written language is 'uniform.'"

Encyclopaedia Britannica — "Chinese literature is remarkable for its antiquity, coupled with an almost unbroken continuity down to the present day . . . the script of China has remained practically unchanged."

I may add that Dr. Latourette is one of the editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and the above quotations are from chapters which he contributed.

CARL CROW.

Ashley Falls, Mass.



"This Thesaurus is admirable, advantageous, beneficial, capital, choice, edifying, excellent, faultless, nonpareil, perfect, splendid, superb, unparalleled."

Mme. Curie in Edinburgh

SIR:—In the Life of Madame Curie it is stated in the Appendix that Madame Curie was made an LL.D. University of Edinburgh, February 2, 1907 and also on July 9, 1923. It turns out that both these dates are wrong; and a letter from the Conjoint Secretary of Edinburgh might be worth quoting in your columns.

She was made LL.D. of Edinburgh neither in 1907 nor in 1923, but on 23rd July 1909, when the doctorate was conferred *in absentia*, evidently not at one of the regular Graduations, for the only other one conferred that day was on the Rector, George Wyndham. The only possible—but not altogether probable—suggestion I could make would be that in 1907 the doctorate was *offered* to Mme. Curie (in February) but that she was unable to come to have it conferred in the following spring . . . and finally it was made *in absentia*, two years later.

1923, again, was the date of a big physiological congress in Edinburgh, organized chiefly by Sir Edward Schafer and Barger; and several eminent foreign scientists were then "laureated" at a special ceremonial on 23rd July, among them Richet of Paris. It is just possible that "9th July 1923"—the date given in the Life—was the date of an invitation (?) to the congress, or some other communication connected with it, addressed to Mme. Curie.

A statement like the one made in the Life of Madame Curie has such absolute authority that it might be worth while correcting it.

ROGER HOWSON, *Librarian.*

Columbia University

Request

SIR:—Noting the request of many authors for free contributions of material for their projected books, I make bold to write the following appeal.

I am making a collection of the various units of the U. S. monetary system. I shall be very grateful to any of your readers who will send me currency of any denomination. I will send a personal receipt for each specimen, and can assure each coöperator that the material will be put to most worthwhile use.

MARIAN BURTON.

Rochester, N. Y.

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Roads to the Future

THE AMERICAN WAY. By David Cushman Coyle. Together with Three Additional Discussions by Carl Dreher, Carl Landauer, Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $1.75.

COÖPERATION: AN AMERICAN WAY. By John Daniels. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by MARQUIS W. CHILDS

FOR several years David Cushman Coyle has been writing simply and trenchantly about the vital necessity for orderly change, translating facts and figures about government and business into an American metaphor, colored with the common sense that is a part of his New England background. In the long essay that won the thousand-dollar prize offered by *Harper's Magazine,* he sums up his version of the American way. Although increasing intervention by the state in the country's economic life is inevitable, in Mr. Coyle's view, he would preserve as much as possible of the American heritage by using instruments of social control that lie close at hand, too often ignored.

"Regardless of supply and demand, monopoly or vested rights," Mr. Coyle writes,

> the Government under the Constitution has the power to take money in taxes and put it where the representatives of the people believe it will do the most good. The Government is, therefore, a steering gear by which the people, if they exercise their legal powers, can make the economic system move in any direction they wish.

There is considerable evidence to support this view of the scope of the taxing power. It has its champions among those who today comprise the working center of the Supreme Court. But how to make use of this latent power? What is the actual problem in political geometry upon the solution of which essential change must wait? It is here that Mr. Coyle more or less begs the question. "The solution of our most serious troubles," he says, "waits not for the invention of some new kind of money or a painless tax. The solution waits for the people to be willing to make sacrifices and to pay taxes on such a scale as to make our present laws effective." The real problem remains unstated: the problem of persuading or compelling the middle-class, that is those who have incomes above $2000 or $3000 a year, to accept a heavier burden of taxation. One must be grateful to Mr. Coyle for putting so cogently and effectively the case for progress through change within the American tradition. To this reviewer at least it appears that his case is irrefutable. And it is not that he is unaware of the imponderables—the psychological inertia that is perhaps the most conspicuous obstacle, for he refers with the gift of phrase that is peculiarly his to the danger of "political lockjaw" resulting from a "powerful instinctive resistance to new laws that seem to disturb the last remains of stability in a terrifying world."

Mr. Coyle's prize-winning essay sets a high standard, but the other three that are included in this volume, chosen for publication in *Harper's* from among hundreds of manuscripts submitted, may be said to measure up to it. The result is a remarkably readable book. Writing from the left, Carl Dreher would go further and faster, but his thesis is essentially the same as that of Mr. Coyle. Gerald W. Johnson, drawing upon Jeffersonian antecedents, insists that "escape from democracy becomes impossible" if only political organization can be made to conform "fairly closely" to reality. And Carl Landauer, writing as an emigré from Germany, throws a revealing light upon the fatal errors of German democracy.

In his discussion of the American way, Mr. Coyle suggests that coöperatives are a "variety of capitalism" with a future that is not yet clear. John Daniels in the second book under review here shows that coöperatives are very much present today. (Here again we are talking about front page news; only recently the *New York Times* reported the formation of a New York City milk coöperative bringing city consumers and rural producers within the same organization.) While he is cautious in his prophecies, it is plain that Mr. Daniels sees a bright future for coöperation.

His book is a valuable survey of achievements to date, more objective than Bertram Fowler's earlier work on the same subject. But it seems to this reviewer that the story of American cooperation is still to be told, particularly in relation to the pioneering past when each community was in the larger sense a coöperative. Mr. Daniels touches on this, showing the rise of mutual fire insurance societies that grew out of a common need. The book I am thinking of, however, would be written more nearly in human terms, with something of the excitement and the sheer joy that went into that earlier coöperation.

Mr. Daniels is keenly aware that it is the loss of the mutuality of another day which is at the bottom of a wide variety of problems today. The great mass of Americans who live in the cities, he observes, have either lost whatever rootedness and sense of community they may once have had, or they have been born and reared under conditions in which they have failed to acquire these essential fixed assets. Through economic cooperation—"a new sense of community based on the growing realization of their common interests as consumers"—the urban population will establish roots again.

It should be remembered, of course, that there are two distinct phases of cooperation. The first has to do with savings in the production or distribution of goods; savings that accrue either to consumers or producers or in some instances to both. Great producer coöperatives have grown up in America, handling major crops and benefiting hundreds of thousands of farmers. But for the most part they have been run from the top down and therefore they have had little relation to the second phase, which has to do with domestic controls and the development of a mutual self-interest. Obviously, of course, in any organization there are leaders who have more to do with direction and operation than the individuals who make up the rank and file. Nevertheless it is vital that a sense of participation be infused through the majority. Failing this,

Farm Security Administration Photo by Rothstein

The "Gum-Drop Coöperative" at Greenbelt, Md.

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one has merely the collectivism of big business, with direction filtering down through paid executives who take orders from the top. It is possible that the second phase of consumer coöperation is more important for America than the first.

The search for the American way will go on. There will be innumerable discoverers and in all probability not a few false paths. One may be certain that it will not be an easy way, there will be no magic formula. Sign posts such as Mr. Coyle and his co-authors have set out will encourage all searchers who realize how important it is to avoid a wrong turning, the false path ending in reaction and despair.

Marquis W. Childs, Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, *is the author of "Sweden: the Middle Way," a book on the coöperative movement in Scandinavia.*

Eros in Vermont

THE WAYWARD PILGRIMS. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN this story of a young university instructor who becomes a Baxter Fellow for research in the field of the American language, and a strange and fascinating heroine who has been frequently married and has acquired a sound, if disillusioned, philosophy of life, one is personally conducted by the principals through the beautiful state of Vermont and introduced to much delightful conversation and semi-philosophical discussion along the way. Lawrence Minot leaves his university to explore idiom in New England. At a way station he meets Margot, who has lost all her money, and they start out on a long pedestrian trip to the town of Peru, Vermont, where she has left her artist husband. On the way, they fall in love. Mr. Brace writes exceedingly well. He is a student of character, and unfolds one of the most engaging love stories we have read for a long time. If its ending left us rather raging against the fate of Minot and Margot, that is really a tribute to the sympathy and subtle understanding with which the author has treated both characters.

In an era of so much grimly realistic fiction stressing the sordid side, this novel comes like the breeze of a fresh, cool spring day of vitalizing sunlight. Margot is a thoroughly sophisticated woman, Lawrence an intellectual, but a healthy intellectual and also an innocent. Both have gaiety and naturalness. Mr. Brace exhibits thorough command of his material. He avoids all sentimental pitfalls and yet imbues his book with the true beauty of possible human relationships. There is something of the clean artistry of a Robert Nathan about this work, though his style is entirely his own.

In Good Queen Bess's Time

TOWERS IN THE MIST. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

HERE is a pleasant, literate fairy tale, laid in the fair green fields, among the shrouded spires, of Elizabethan England. We have the two boys whom the gypsy wet-nurse changed in their cradles. We have Bodley, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Queen Bess herself, in the romantic flesh. We have the family of Canon Leigh of Christ Church, Oxford, complete with eccentric aunt, a little in the manner of a gentler Whiteoaks family. There are animals, old servants, morris dancers, students in gown and doublet, who keep tryst with pretty blusing girls beside the rings the elves' feet have traced in the moonlit dew. There are strolling players, stags, performing bears, and the pageant of the Queen's coming.

"There are strutting players, stags, performing bears, and the pageant of the Queen's coming."

There is a flavor of Maurice Hewlitt in Elizabeth Goudge's conception of an historical novel; her prose is gentle, cadenced, story-telling, and the Elizabethan verses which she quotes fall into it easily. Though the debtors' prison figures in the story, though there are riots and three deaths—one by plague, one in a tavern brawl, one in childbirth—death itself is a softly melancholy incident, and leads, as does all the plot, to happier fields unseen.

It is all very agreeable indeed. It is a book to read on some slow, warm summer afternoon when the bees are in your flower beds and you yourself are for the time at least as removed from reality as "Towers in the Mist" itself. If the lighter English novelists must escape from contemporary England—and all the evidence seems to prove that they must—they would do well to emulate Miss Goudge. For she does not try to make the reign of George Sixth a cozy, roselit place, but goes straight back to an earlier England, which may have been as colorful and gay as she paints it, and which is established enough to be done in stained glass without disaster. She does it with grace, with all the historical accuracy she needs, and with talent to spin a tale.

Accent of Sussex

FAITHFUL STRANGER. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THERE are thirteen short stories, nearly all of them deeply impregnated with the spirit of the English countryside, in Miss Kaye-Smith's new book. Although as might be expected the accent of Sussex predominates, the author ranges from the Channel Islands to Cornwall for her settings, and her themes run from a properly lugubrious attempted poisoning to a purely humorous period-piece about Joanna Godden's ride in an 1899 "ortomobeely." The collection may never bulk large in the Kaye-Smith canon, but most of the stories are well made and exhibit few evidences of failing invention. The mixture is a tried and true one, alternating fairly lengthy serious pieces with briefer ones in lighter moods. With the author's previous fiction in mind, it is perhaps inevitable that the most effective stories should seem to be those recalling in miniature the austere outlines of earlier work, rich in local coloring and strong but disciplined emotional content.

The title story is an affecting study of double amnesia—the case of a man who not only forgets his own identity, but believes himself to be another man. "Mrs. Dengate" is a delightful vignette demonstrating that publicity may still have its uses. And the familiar and beloved Pharisees, the fairies of Sussex folklore, make several appearances. There are weaker things in the book, of course, but on the whole the level of accomplishment is high, technically and otherwise, the author nearly always achieving her purpose with the smoothness and ease we have come to expect from so experienced a craftsman. Most reassuring of all, there are few traces of the author's recent preoccupation with religious themes, which has at times seemed to be leading her into paths uncongenial to her talents and likely to dim the dramatic fire of her earlier days.

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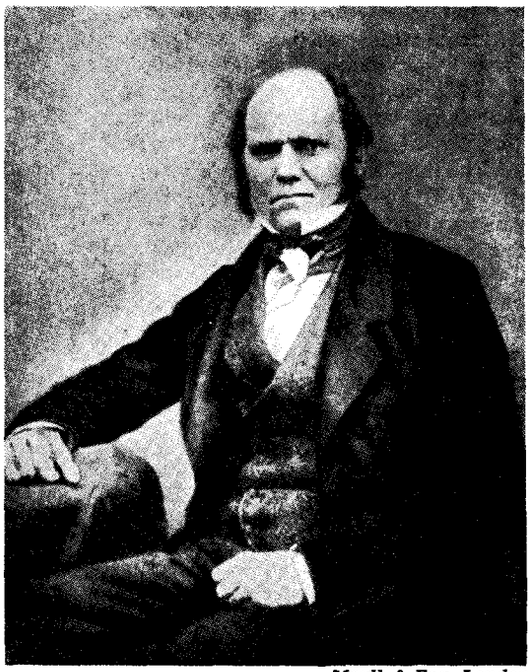
Destroyer of a Legend

BY HOMER W. SMITH



Maull & Fox, London

Charles Darwin in 1854

THE biographer of Darwin* faces the task not so much of recounting a man's life as describing a revolution in human thought. It has been said that the whole of modern biology is a commentary on the "Origin of Species"; if one excludes pure mechanics, one might say that the whole of modern thinking has been shaped by its central theme. From astronomy to history, paleontology to psychiatry, embryology to religion, subatomic physics to sociology and principles of government, we see and think in a certain manner because of this book. It is impossible for us to approach any problem in human relations, or in the relations of man to the universe, in pre-Darwinian terms.

Darwin the man, his family and friends, the trivial contingencies that shaped his life, the Victorian world and its beliefs, and finally the far-reaching consequences of his work, constitute a vast complex which assumes the proportions of a single "event" in time and space. The technique by which Geoffrey West in the book under review has reconstructed this event and imparted to it a sense of unity and immediacy is worthy of unrestrained praise. The writing is of such uniformly high quality that it repeatedly arouses enthusiasm. The reader forgets that a biographer stands between him and the past.

At the heart of Darwinism, as an "event," was the belief in the immutability of species, that God had created all living things as they now exist. Many men, from the Greeks to Charles Darwin's grandfather, Erasmus, had speculated about the possibility of evolution, but, lacking proof, their speculations had remained poetic or philosophic fantasies. In Darwin's time the denial of the immutability of species constituted an unthinkable heresy. It remained for him to make that denial formally, and to substantiate it by incontrovertible evidence, to supplant the doctrine of Creation with the doctrine of progressive evolution, and thereby to change the very foundations of all human thought. One of the most remarkable aspects of the whole affair was the way little things concatenated in Darwin's life. Nothing in his commonplace childhood, his abortive venture in medicine in Edinburgh, his prosaic preparation at Cambridge to enter the church, revealed either a talent or interest in natural history—unless it were the fact that he liked to shoot. It was an attack of nausea in the operating room that stifled his career in medicine; it was the contingency of meeting Fox at Edinburgh and later in Cambridge that awakened in him an enthusiasm for collecting butterflies; it was in turn Fox who persuaded him to attend Henslow's botany lectures, and these which gave him an interest in and knowledge of the structure and reproductive function of flowers. It was Humboldt's "Narrative" that awakened in him an ardent desire to travel, and it was by the sheerest accident that he was offered the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*, two others having declined it; and it was only by the breadth of a hair that he succeeded in obtaining his father's permission to accept.

He left England a solidly Victorian Christian who firmly believed the literal interpretation of Genesis, a convinced Creationist to whom the immutability of species was axiomatic. He intended to postpone for only two years at the most his preparation to enter the clergy. He returned after five years, having been seasick, homesick, and utterly miserable for the greater part of the time, and the study of theology had perforce to be postponed until he could organize and study his collections, prepare his notebook for publication. The months, the years, went by; his notebook grew into several notebooks, into a volume, into three volumes. The interrelationship of species and their distribution in time and space grew to a prepossession. There came a time when he realized, and his father realized, that his fate as a country parson and an amateur collector of flowers and bugs had been averted. He had all unconsciously become a professional collector of flowers and bugs. He was launched upon a Great Work. This Great Work went on and on, and, one wonders, had he lived to be a hundred would he have ever published anything on the fundamental question of the origin of species had not Wallace, from the Malay Archipelago, tossed into his lap his (Darwin's) own theory of evolution, boiled down to a few pages. It was thus in the interests of priority and as but a brief outline of the Great Work (destined never to be published) that the "Origin of Species" was forced from his hands after twenty years of study, experiment, inquiry, contemplation, and, above all, doubt and hesitation.

It has frequently been debated why Darwin postponed for so long the publication of his theory of the transformation of species. Conservatism, fear of ridicule, a sincere desire to find the truth, perhaps failure to convince himself at all points, all played a part. And, too, there was life-long chronic invalidism to add to the burden of doing constructive work. But it was also the apprehension of the consequences of what he was about to do. Perhaps the world will never know just how important a part this apprehension played in Darwin's life, either in impelling him to postpone publication or in causing his invalidism. What he had discovered was that species were not immutable but underwent change, and from this discovery stemmed the inference that all living forms had undergone an orderly and progressive evolution from a few primitive organisms, or perhaps a single one, into the varied forms of life. That for years he sought without success to find a substitute in nature for the artificial selection of the livestock breeder, only to discover it suddenly, on reading Malthus's "Essay on Population," in the principle of the Survival of the Fittest, brings home the difference between his point of view and ours. It is only by an effort of thought that we can see the Survival of the Fittest as a novel idea. That the Natural

* *CHARLES DARWIN: A Portrait. By Geoffrey West. New Haven: Yale University Press.* 1938. $3.50.

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Order should be ruled by such heartless terms was such a shock to the Victorian world as we can scarcely appreciate, but this inherent heartlessness was after all but a minor consequence of his discovery: the logical extension of the doctrine that species change into new species was destined to destroy Heaven itself.

In Mr. West's view, disbelief in the Old Testament, then in the New Testament, then the rejection of Christianity as a divine revelation, and finally the acceptance of agnosticism, even the abandonment of a belief in an after-life, came to Darwin so slowly as never to distress him particularly; but on this point one can raise serious doubts. It is inconceivable that he failed to foresee the consequences of his theory of evolution; it offended Christians by denying the literal truth of the Bible; it degraded man from a position but a little lower than the angels to one not essentially above the beasts; it blasphemed the Creator of Heaven and Earth by denying Him the power to work except through earthly and commonplace activities; it removed from Christian doctrine its entire logical basis by turning the story of Creation and of Adam and Eve and their Original Sin into mythology; and it left life's travail and death's mystery completely unexplained except in the bloody terms of claw and tooth.

There was not a single friend to whom he could confide, and for twenty years he kept silent. Where other men had speculated about evolution, Darwin knew that he was proving it. In his notes was the irrefutable evidence, on his shoulders rested the whole responsibility. That he revealed little of this internal stress to his friends proves nothing; the pros and cons must have turned themselves over and over in his mind every Sunday morning; neither does it prove anything that he should cling to the last straw of Creationism by rationalizing away the cruelty of nature and its incalculable waste in talking about the "highest good which we can conceive, the creation of the highest animals." To suppose that he did not sense the inadequacy of this view for the world as a whole is to deny him both eyes and imagination.

The world has never been more keenly aware of the struggle for survival and the question of what constitutes the "fittest," in the biological sense, than it is today. Some would say that it is in the throes of evolving a Superorganism in the form of society, or that several Superorganisms in the form of democracy, communism, fascism, naziism, socialism, etc., are in the process of evolution, and that our contemporary distress arises from the conflict between these Superorganisms to survive in competition with one another, or from the attempt of the individual to survive, to resist being engulfed in, these neo-organic beings. Every experiment in communal existence, every reaction of the individualist, seeks to authenticate itself in evolutionary principles. The difficulty is that these principles are not as yet perceived with sufficient clarity always to justify their use. It is still too early to tell whether Nietzsche, Marx, or Wilson was more nearly right in their respective interpretations. In so far as West expresses his views on this matter (and as far as he goes most Americans are, I believe, in agreement with him) the individual is still biologically paramount, the social Superorganism but a political myth. As West says of nature, society, and mankind, "What is any of these but one damned individual after another?"

Darwinism is important, not because it furnishes a guide to social revolutions, but because it furnishes the first formulation of the forces and principles by which they come about. It is important because it marked the zenith of effete Christianity. Heard has said, "Newton banished God from nature, Darwin banished him from life, Freud drove him from the last fastness, the soul." But to Newton God simply receded behind Natural Law; to Freud, God was only a remote and improbable theory; it was Darwin who truly gave the world the right to doubt. It was apropos of Darwinism that Sedgwick in 1859 prophesied that "humanity would suffer a damage that might brutalize it, and sink the human race into a lower grade of degradation than any to which it has fallen since its written records tell us of history." The world stands upon the verge of the most murderous struggle for survival it has ever known, and any morning Sedgwick's prophecy may come true. Survival at any cost is the only universal morality it knows. If this is frightening, we can remember that it is Darwin's fault—and we can also remember Darwin, whose courage of body saw him through years of sickness, whose courage of mind carried to completion a gigantic task, whose courage of spirit enabled him to destroy the world's faith with a new and terrifying view.

Homer W. Smith is a member of the department of physiology of the College of Medicine of New York University, and the author of several books, including "Kamongo," a scientific novel, and "The End of Illusion."

Epicure of Nature

EARTH MEMORIES. By Llewelyn Powys. With an Introduction by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

PHYSICALLY, Llewelyn Powys resembles an old Saxon king of England. Essentially none the less he is "Epicurus's own son." The cause of the perfect materialism of this sensitive and poetic Welshman, the most amiable member of the brilliant Powys fraternity, we do not know. He himself has merely told us that shortly after he became incurably consumptive in his youth, there permanently anchored themselves in him the convictions that chance rules creation, that existence is an accident, ambition vain, and the pursuit of pleasure, in particular that of the senses, the part of wisdom.

Llewelyn Powys

To others he has left the pursuit of the more exciting, riskier delights which his exquisite essays and autobiographies, perhaps a little playfully, have recommended. His own life is, as St. Jerome says that of Epicurus was, and as that of many a later hedonist has been, "full of herbs, fruits, and abstinences." Yet it cannot be said that he has not practised a new delectation, or, better, rediscovered an old one. Through experience he seems to have found that the feeling of the imminence of death hotly enhances the pleasure in the observation of natural things. He has practised the art of fixing the forms, colors, and movements of natural things, "the rising wave and the foam it breaks into before it sinks again," above all, the feeling of pure being itself, in connection with the richly seasoning sense of nature's cruelty and the inevitability of the swift-coming night of sleep.

Thus, as an author Powys is anything, as Van Wyck Brooks so wisely remarks in the glowing introduction he has written to "Earth Memories," but "another nature-writer, eloquent, observant and persuasive." Indeed, it might even be unwise to think of this subtle essayist mainly as a nature-writer of any sort. The present collection of his recent pieces does contain many earth pictures and paeans to the light redolent of his native Dorsetshire. By their side one nevertheless finds exquisite little studies of works of art such as Breughel's, studies of legends such as that of the Unicorn, and character-studies of his friends and countrymen. Few contemporary writers, nature-writers or other kind in fact, possess as wide a range of literary and cultural reference as this good epicure. And few of any sort couch their experience in a prose with a finer seventeenth-century deliberateness and cadence.

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The European Arena

INSANITY FAIR, A European Cavalcade. By Douglas Reed. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

DOUGLAS REED, for more than a decade an ace foreign correspondent of the *London Times,* asserts at one point that "the Americans, for some reason, write better books than the Britishers." He is referring specifically to the American newspaper reporters abroad and particularly to their "great gift for timing." His own autobiographical volume makes fast and fascinating reading and goes far to refute the compliment. "Insanity Fair, a European Cavalcade" ranks, I think, with the best of the books by American correspondents. And it is a very miracle of timing. His description of men, places, and events in Central Europe—especially the chapters dealing with Austria—are so definitely "spot news" that they might have been political articles in this morning's paper. At the same time they are so understanding and civilized that they will remain "spot news" for a long time to come, no matter what course European affairs may take.

The anonymity of foreign correspondence in the *London Times* has deprived Mr. Reed of the celebrity which a leading newspaperman of equivalent position and achievement would have acquired in America. But among foreign correspondents he is highly esteemed, and his book more than justifies their good opinion. He begins with intimately personal chapters sketching in his childhood, spent in "a grey vista of ugliness and repression" called London; long treadmill years as office boy and clerk; then the exhilarating adventure in "the War called Great," chiefly in the air service; and finally his entry into newspaperdom through the back door, as it were, as a stenographer. The autobiographical vein practically disappears, however, from the day in 1928 that he sets off for Berlin on his first foreign assignment. What follows is the story of Central Europe, as seen for seven years from a correspondent's vantage point in Berlin and for three years more in Vienna, Prague, Bucharest, and other capitals.

"He has sharp opinions and the courage to state them sharply."

Mr. Reed is a first-rate reporter; the events and the personalities that came within his professional orbit are recorded accurately and tersely. But beyond that he is a person of unequivocal likes and dislikes. He has sharp opinions and the courage to state them sharply. Though liberal in his general outlook, he disagrees vigorously with the usual liberal thesis that Europe's troubles flow from the harshness of the peace settlement. He makes no secret of his conviction that Germany has been and remains the villain of the European show, and that the Allies erred tragically in not clinching their victory by disabling that country forever.

"An instinct told me that to leave any doubt in the German mind about a military defeat was a fatal mistake." This was on Armistice Day. Years afterwards, in Germany, he became sure of it. He looked for "the crushed and starving and desperate and bled-white Germany" and could not find it. Instead—

> I found a country that had never known war on its own land save for the brief Russian drive in East Prussia in 1914; that had called the war off when inevitable defeat impended, and had retired in ostensible submission into its own unravished land; that by this apparent surrender had warded off decisive military defeat; a country that, scarcely daring yet to believe this, was beginning to hope that it had outwitted its foes.

As he watched the rise of National Socialism, then Hitler's bold defiance of Versailles and Locarno, he became increasingly certain that "if you refrain from inflicting a decisive military defeat your peace treaty is an illusion." Mr. Reed also writes unsparingly of "the spirit of ostrichism that was abroad in England," and to which he traces the rebirth of German military might, as well as the troubles in Spain, China, Abyssinia, and now Austria.

His chapter on the Jews, in Germany and elsewhere, is likely to stir up controversy. Though he castigates the Nazis and their racial phobias, he is not impressed by the tragedy of the Jews. While they have been hard hit in the professions, "the Jews have been left almost unmolested in their most powerful stronghold—that of trade and commerce." In Vienna, Prague, Bucharest, Budapest, Zagreb he "found Jews growing more and more numerous and prosperous." (His inclusion of Vienna in the list, in a chapter written before Hitler took over Austria, rather spoils his extraordinary argument.) He goes even further and claims that the new Jewish prosperity is a sort of by-product of rearmament which in turn was undertaken in the name of anti-communism and anti-Semitism. In other words, Hitler's anti-Jewish mania is really a species of blessing for Jews. To this reviewer his thesis doesn't make much sense and can only be explained by unconscious bias manifest elsewhere in the book.

Mr. Reed has a flair for characterization that makes his book a gallery of unforgettable personalities, among them Hindenburg, Bruening, von Papen, Schuschnigg, Eden, Lord Northcliffe, Hitler, and others with whom his reporter's chores brought him into touch. His book is leavened with humor and those felicitous asides that are worth more than earnest analyses. In starting off for a visit to Russia, he remarks that he guessed Bolshevism to be "a political racket like Fascism and National Socialism." His Moscow experience did not invalidate that guess. This ability to penetrate beneath the clamorous slogans of politics to the self-interests at the core makes him a valuable reporter and makes the reading of his book a rich experience.

Interpreting Japan

JAPAN IN TRANSITION. By Emil Lederer and Emy Lederer-Seidler. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

AFTER so many ephemeral works on China and Japan it is a welcome relief to receive one which towers over most of its contemporaries. "Japan in Transition" is in large part a revision of the authors' "Japan-Europa—Wandlungen im Fernen Osten," published in Germany in 1929. It was timely then; it is doubly so today; and we may safely predict that it will remain valuable in the future.

For the Lederers, utilizing the experience gained in two years of teaching at Tokyo, have essayed the supremely difficult task of interpreting Japan to the West—not in terms of "devil" theories or of economic insufficiencies alone, but in the light of the basic cultural patterns shaping the mental and physical behavior of every Japanese. Unlike the dynamic, ever-changing social forms of Europe and America, those of Japan are essentially static. They have developed in unbroken continuity for over a thousand years. They have molded the techniques of the arts and the modes of self-expression, confining them within a narrowly circumscribed field. They have conditioned all social existence, which is built around clearly defined social strata and family ties. The Japanese, if his existence is integrated in the family group and the semi-feudal community, feels that he is living the full life; the Occidental concept of the independent individual, pitted alone against all obstacles in an indifferent world, is virtually inconceivable in Japanese society. Traditional conventions

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and the entity of the group, that is to say, absorb the full energy of the normal Japanese.

Despite all the compromises forced upon it by contact with the West, the central foundations of this social system still remain unshaken. Religion, myth, and history are fused into a single intellectual heritage. The divinity of the Emperor is the basis of the modern state. Each religious sect is closely linked with a particular social group. In religion, as in other spheres of national life, there is a continual tendency toward compromise, harmonization, avoidance of open conflict. Certain feudal elements of the Tokugawa period have vanished since the Meiji Restoration of 1868; but feudal loyalties—to the sovereign, the clan, the family—remain as the cement binding together the component elements of Japanese polity. And in the modern bureaucracy and the vast industrial enterprise new loyalties grow to replace the old.

Thus, half unconsciously, the attempt has been made to adapt Western institutions to the ancient social patterns of Japan. In many respects this has been successfully accomplished. Above all, a modern state and a modern military organization have been created. These new institutions, however, may carry within them the seeds of destruction for the still solidly entrenched Japanese social order. For an army must be supported by large-scale, heavy industry, and modern Japan must manufacture an impressive volume of commodities for export. A new proletariat is consequently springing into existence: an uprooted proletariat which despite all efforts to the contrary is losing contact with the ancient, stabilizing group and family ties and with the older spiritual forces. The hybrid structure of Japanese culture and Western industrialization is, as the Lederers emphasize, packed with "dynamite in the making"—with explosive tendencies which, in their detonation, may destroy the enduring cultural and social identity of Japan.

This is the picture which is sketched by the authors, with broad, deft strokes and rich elaboration in detail. It is one which few students will wish to dispute, and to which thoughtful observers of the Far Eastern scene should turn for guidance. There will be some disagreement on minor items, some complaint regarding traces of verbosity. There will be those who ask whether the new Japanese industrial capitalism is not strikingly similar to that which exists in Germany, Italy, and the U. S. S. R.—where deification of the dictator, loyalty to the state, increased social services and security for the worker, and a new zeal in the ostensible national interest are noticeable—and whether Japan's social order is not at least as stable as that of these states or of the democracies. But these are matters of conjecture which the Lederers may desire to attack in the future. For the present they may rest on their well-deserved laurels.

The Future of Television

TELEVISION, a Struggle for Power. By Frank Waldrop and Joseph Borkin. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by MERRILL DENISON

TELEVISION is no longer a promise: it is a fact. Innumerable problems remain to be solved before this amazing threat to all existing forms of communication (and most existing forms of entertainment) can have wide practical application, but most of the initial scientific hurdles have been jumped. This is startlingly apparent on watching a television demonstration for the first time. That preliminary feeling of awe with which one approaches any new and bewildering scientific accomplishment quickly gives way to an attitude of critical appraisal, not of the mechanical or technical limitations of television itself but of the artistic inadequacies of the entertainment being televised. In other words, the new art has already reached the stage where it is no longer the concern of the scientist and electrical technician alone. For New Yorkers at least, or anyone living within forty miles or so of the Empire State Building, experimental sight and sound programs are on the air for a few hours every week as presentations of RCA-NBC, and anyone who has access to a receiving set may watch tiny shadowed images float and flicker upon a small glass screen. Watching these images for only a few moments, one realizes that the art already requires the coöperation of creative minds for the invention, writing, and production of its programs. Prodigious work still lies before the scientist in all probability, but he has gone far enough to say to persons with more fluid imaginations: "This thing works, now see what *you* can do with it." So the question is no longer "when will television arrive?" It has become "what use will be made of it?"

With uncanny timeliness, a most sensible and well informed book arrives to answer the latest question at the very moment when it is being raised for the first time by more than a handful of insiders. "Television, a Struggle for Power" is by far the most readable and interesting book yet published on television or, for that matter, about its simpler forerunner, radio. Messrs. Waldrop and Borkin have not only succeeded in presenting the complexities of the subject in such a fashion as to make them clear and intelligible—a pioneering triumph in itself—but they have made the whole subject exciting and stimulating as well. They have not only organized a welter of confusing material in a dynamic manner but have written their book with a glorious feeling for dramatic conflict. The result of this combination may prove dangerously flattering to the general reader, who can too easily imagine himself as the final arbiter of a titanic fight already being waged between industrial giants for his approval. One is a little dubious whether it will work out quite that way; whether the public will exert any more direct influence on television than it has on radio.

The subtitle of the book, "A Struggle for Power," suggests its most interesting aspect: the revelation and discussion of the fight already being waged in and around television. Unlike radio, television requires a very broad wave length, so that the field must be limited to a few outlets. The initial battle lines, therefore, are those which concern precedence out of which, in all probability, will come control. Already engaged in this initial phase of the struggle for power are those companies already engaged in the field of electrical communications: RCA, AT&T, GE, Westinghouse, and others. But these protagonists constitute little more than an advance guard, a kind of light cavalry screen sent out in advance of the main engagement. For successful television will certainly threaten every established form of communication and entertainment. Let it become a reality and every business, every individual, every industry which has an economic interest in communicating anything to the public, must surely become involved in a secondary struggle for control. The movies and the theatre, radio, publishers of newspapers, books, or magazines, actors, artists, musicians, lecturers, politicians, advertisers—the list of those who have a life and death interest in the new art becomes almost limitless the moment one explores it. Messrs. Waldrop and Borkin's speculations concerning this secondary struggle make fascinating reading.

Only one question remains to be answered to make the future clear: "who is going to pay for television?" That it will prove extremely costly for those who do the televising there is no doubt, and the authors of the book under review are very skeptical as to whether advertising can ever carry the financial load as it has managed to do so successfully with radio. Messrs. Waldrop and Borkin suggest the possibility of licensing television receiving sets, but do not bother to discuss this phase of the new art exhaustively. And properly so, it must seem to anyone after reading their book, for one puts it down with the conviction that some method of financing will be stumbled upon, just as was the case with radio. It's too late now for television to halt for want of a few hundred millions. They'll be found somewhere, and, in the meantime, this book is worth reading to gain an inkling of what the future holds.

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Uncle Sam's Best Sellers

(*Continued from page 4*)

tainly, but sound knowledge of washing and ironing machines, of soaps and other reagents, is not too easy to come by elsewhere. And anyone who has once met the resistance of hard water will be grateful for the truth about softeners. Here also belongs a companion piece, "Stain Removal From Fabrics: Home Methods." No dedication to Lady Macbeth damps its pages nor any invocation to necromancy. Yet whoever comes to it thinking solely of soap and water will be met with heady talk of acids and alkalis, fibers and fabrics. The murderer, hard put to destroy the bloody traces of his crime—so we learn—will do well to avoid boiling water. And reading attentively, the ink-stained wretch will find his own particular balm in cornmeal, milk, and oxalic acid.

One of the most useful of government helps for the kitchen is "Diets to Fit the Family Income." Incomes given range from $300 a year to $9,000, and size of family from two to seven persons. Although costs are based on average retail prices for 1935, enough details are supplied to allow successful adaptation to current needs. Sample diets for a week have been carefully worked out on four cost levels (one of them "for a restricted diet for emergency use"), and approximate weekly quantities of specific foods are given for specific appetites.

Something to grow more lyric about is the 850-page "Congressional Cook Book," obtainable only through the Congressional Club in Washington at one dollar plus postage. Here are gathered together dishes as prepared by the wives of politicos both national and international. You may compare the Coolidge corn muffin with the Hoover rolled toast, or examine the Roosevelt kedgeree. If you prefer a broad regionalism, there are Oklahoma boiled chicken, New Orleans pralines, even chipa from Paraguay and baked oranges from Sweden. I confidently predict that with this in your hand, you can throw away all your other recipes and even a few pages from your Emily Post. It has everything, including learned mention of calories and vitamins and the favorite food formulas of more good cooks than have previously been gathered together in one place. To paraphrase Stephen Vincent Benét, who ever saw an emaciated congressman?

Another of the more entertaining pieces of government literature is the Commerce Department's "Goldfish, Their Care in Small Aquaria and Ponds." It tells how to distinguish sex, what to do for indigestion, and gives the lowdown on goldfish as exterminators of mosquitoes. Strong objection is offered to the goldfish bowl of recent memory (it does not give enough air), and to allowing less than a gallon of water for every inch of fish.

Is there anything in all this for the old-fashioned male? Yes, if he is the right sort, he can keep busy weeks on end over "Care and Repair of the House." Essential parts of the building are diagrammed for him and necessary tools laid out. Solved are doors that stick, leaky faucets, and "sweating" walls. Down in the basement he may chisel and saw his way over a copy of "You Can Make It For Profit." Ninety-two illustrations show him how to manufacture such *objets d'art* as a game table, a padded knee block for saving one's knees in scrubbing the kitchen floor, a guinea pig hutch, a Scandinavian "spark" or push sled.

For the outdoor man we might discuss "Earthworms as Pests and Otherwise," which begins with Darwin and ends with fishing bait. But there are so many possibilities that it seems better simply to point out where he can find some of his favorite subjects listed: "Publications of Interest to Suburbanites and Home-Builders," one of the suggestive price lists issued free by the Superintendent of Documents. Under Bee Keeping, Flower Culture, Poultry Raising, Fruit and Vegetable Growing, the gardener or incipient farmer will discover enough material to run an estate; practically all of it, however, is geared to the exigencies of the back yard.

Another interest of the outdoor men will certainly be the bulletins of the National Park Service. A typical example, "Carlsbad Caverns National Park," hints just enough at the historical and geological background to whet the traveler's appetite. Three paragraphs sketch the story of Jim White; the astounding bat flight is handled in scarcely more. We learn briefly about cavern floodlighting; the second longest single-lift elevators in the United States (surpassed only by those in the Empire State Building); the Papoose's Chamber and the Big Room. A text of fifteen pages is illustrated by excellent photographs.

Writing, which in most of the Park Service material is adequate, as a guidebook's should be, occasionally bursts its shell. Presumably John Muir, the godfather of the park system, would not be displeased with the following paragraph from the "National Parks Portfolio":

> The Sierra reaches its mightiest climax in Mount Whitney, the highest Mountain in the United States outside of Alaska. No towering, isolated summit is Whitney, like Mount Rainier and Long's Peak, but literally a climax, for here the Sierra has massed her mountains, tumbled them willfully, recklessly, into one sprawling, titanic heap, as though this were the dumping ground for all left over after the making of America.

Government publications generally rise to no such stylistic efforts as this, but they sometimes have facts to tell which literary historians and accountants of culture do not normally hear about. Recently the Commerce Department published "Foreign Graphic Arts Industries," a world survey of markets for printing and binding machinery, inks and paper, and of more beside. Does anyone want to know the facts about library borrowing in Tunisia, newspaper reading in China, the printing of books in Belgium? The answers are all here so far as they could be obtained, and American consuls, it appears, are go-getters. Preceding the technical trade discussion for each country is a short history of publishing with its cultural implications.

Somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000 publications are authored by the federal government annually—the wide variation being brought about by shifts in the political weather and the methods chosen for bibliographical accounting. Recently the stream of print has been polluted with a flux from the mimeograph and similar duplicating machines. Some of this "processed" material is valuable and some not, but nearly all of it has been hard to come by. Because processed material does not pass through the Government Printing Office or the Office of Documents, it has practically ruined the system of distribution and the disposition of all whose business it has been to keep track of it.

Far better is the New Deal record with actual print. No finer paper-bound series than that of the National Resources Committee has ever appeared in this country. Typographically as well as verbally, such a publication as "Our Cities" is a brilliant job. In the same category and dealing with another phase of our resources, the soil, is the Rural Electrification Administration's "Little Waters," whose appearance two years ago brought forth a measure of acclaim in the public prints.

The New Dealers apparently have no typographic inhibitions, and the interest of some of them in good appearance as applied to print turns up in strange places. Offhand, one would hardly expect anything of more than current value from such an organization as the Social Security Board. Yet from its offices recently came a clever, intelligent pamphlet titled "Why Social Security?" If collecting government publications should ever become a pastime (God forbid, but you never can tell), this little leaflet, with its historically informed text and its drawings by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, would be a prime item.

This article has attempted to hit only a few of the high spots in a vast publishing terrain. If you are interested in learning about the current offerings of more popular appeal, you can send for the "Weekly List of Selected United States Government Publications," a periodical sales catalog of four pages distributed free by the Superintendent of Documents. If you wish to know what is in print on specific subjects, you can write for two or three of his 48 free price lists. Some of the most suggestive of these are (51) "Health," (73) "Handy Books," (36) "Government Periodicals," (31) "Education," (21) "Fishes," (41) "Insects," (71) "Children's Bureau—and Other Publications Relating to Children."

Paul Bixler is librarian of Antioch College.

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Now—it's "Kindling"

A novel of our time and for our time . . . the story of a man who accepted a challenge and discovered what life could really mean.

The novel "with an unforgettable hero—realistic yet *full* of romance" (William Lyon Phelps); that's "so interesting I actually parked by the curb to go on" (James Hilton); that "beautiful and wise" (Michael Foster); that's "a real triumph in haunting magic" (Roger Burlingame); that "is like an early Spring after a dull, gray Winter" (Mrs. A. W. Leonard); that "kindles pride in human beings" (Elsie Warren Stokes); that is "grand . . . I lost a good night's sleep on its account" (Alice Brady); that "embodies in modern terms the legend of St. George and the Dragon" (Henry Copley Greene); that "is told with speed and charm and humor," that "has *everything*" (Christopher Morley).

$2.50 and published by Morrow

Kindling

A Novel by NEVIL SHUTE

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Adjustments to the Depression

THE FAMILY AND THE DEPRESSION. A Study of One Hundred Chicago Families. By Ruth Shonle Cavan and Katherine Howland Ranck. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1938. $2.50.

THE FAMILY—PAST AND PRESENT. By Bernhard J. Stern. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

THE first of these books tells how a hundred Chicago families met the depression—how they behaved under its impact. The families were known, before the depression, to the Institute for Juvenile Research; most of them were self-supporting, some well-to-do. Many of them, at the time of this follow-up study, in 1934-35, had never been on relief. Thus they are much more representative of the community than relief families. The study was made by a sociologist and a psychiatric social worker, and is readably reported; from a research standpoint, it is highly significant and valuable.

How did these families and their members take such things as reduced income, loss of status, a cramped style of living, cramped living quarters, thwarting of ambitions, and so on? How did they react and adjust themselves to these things? What happened to their morale? Properly, considering the small number of cases, the answers are not given in statistical terms, but the analysis of the family stories shows that the reactions and adjustments (including maladjustments) were of great variety.

The general conclusion seems warranted that the ways in which the families responded to the conditions and problems induced by the depression depended on, or at least were similar to, the habitual ways in which they had met earlier changes and crises. The depression, one might say, exaggerated or brought into play the previously existing family and personal habits. Thus, the man who occasionally drank now began to drink to excess. The family that was already harmoniously organized and smoothly functioning became more unified and the members more loyal. Moreover, it would seem that the quality of the family organization—that is, the unity and harmony and functioning efficiency within the family—had more to do with the question of how the family (and its members) met the depression than the depression itself.

The second of these volumes is a rich and varied collection of readings prepared for the Commission on Human Relations of the Progressive Education Association. It is designed primarily for use as a source book in colleges and universities (and even in high schools, though in part it might be rather strong meat for some of the latter) in the study of the changing form of the family, the contemporary trends in family life, and the social and economic factors affecting family functions and relationships. Thus its content ranges from cultural anthropology to the psychiatry and mental hygiene of the family, with provision of a thoroughly adequate historical background for an understanding of what are called "the problems of the family." Russia is not omitted. In short, the lay as well as the sociological reader will find this book a mine of information, suggestion, and query.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER ON SAFARI *Elspeth Huxley* (Harpers: $2)	Peeress on African big-game hunt first loses jewels, then life. Another Britisher bites dust whilst Vachell, C.I.D., hurts slayer.	Brilliantly plotted puzzle: liberal education in hunting elephants; 57 stunning varieties of action, humor, scenery, and sleuthing.	Grand!
HASTY WEDDING *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Chicago heiress forcibly led to altar by man who believes she murdered former suitor. Detective Wait takes a hand in honeymoon.	Love, mystery, and detection woven into ingenious tale whose tension remains on high level to the end.	Capital
GILT-EDGED GUILT *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Devoted butler and uxorious millionaire both daggerously polished off. Fleming Stone ascertains usages of piece of string and elucidates all.	Despite terminal chest-heavings, reason for crimes quite unbelievable, but goings-on up to that point are handled zestfully.	Sprightly
THIRTEEN GUESTS *Jefferson Farjeon* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	11 nice people—varying degrees—and 2 bad hats gather at English house party, 3 deaths cleared up by Insp. Kendall.	Very slick article done with ultra-smart Farjeon finesse and boasting two endings—one for the sleuth, and one for you.	Dexterous

"Going, Going, Gone"

CAPTAINS OUTRAGEOUS; THE AMAZING VOYAGE OF THE GLORY BE. *By Morton Gill Clark. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THERE are few forms of writing more difficult than the one attempted by Mr. Clark in his chronicle of a year's yacht voyaging. Chronicles are chronological and the steady recurrence of Tuesdays after Mondays does not necessarily draw a reader along as inevitably as it does a traveler. The record of a long journey in a far quarter of the world—the 250-ton schooner *Glory Be* beat its way from Tahiti to Cannes—must by some magic communicate in a few pages the distilled flavor of places, people, and incidents that it took months to experience. "Captains Outrageous" differs from its peers in that it is more a tale of confusions than of pleasures. As a saga of misery it is at least successful, with almost classic unity, in conveying its impression of undiluted discontent.

Four not clearly identified young Americans, of whom the author was one, came to an agreement with an owner of a 148-foot auxiliary schooner yacht to sail it across the world for him from Polynesia to the Riviera. By way of payment for the charter they were to install a new and expensive engine and meet all costs of the journey. If it should take more than a year they were to pay a cash penalty for each week overtime.

With an energy unmixed with any judgment the quartet stowed into the leaky confines of the *Glory Be* an incredible motley of officers, crew, and "paying guests." At once everyone aboard began to loathe everyone else. Drunkards, incompetents, and posturers became involved in unending bickering. The *Glory Be*, during a year of almost unbroken gloom, suffered every adversity known to seamen or the sea. She leaked, her pumps broke down, her engine failed. Her sails ripped at every vigorous gust of wind. Passengers and crew—"Captains Outrageous" is monotonously alcoholic—drank themselves into debt and insensibility. Unforeseen expenses reached such overwhelming totals that the quartet spent and pawned themselves into literal destitution.

There is little else. Other than a few pages of description of a few of the Eastern Pacific islands, in which their flavor is quite lost in the all-pervading fumes of gin, and a half-hearted attempt to suggest that the mild little fuzzy-wuzzies of an island off the coast of New Guinea were terrifying and menacing cannibals, Mr. Clark's preoccupation is wholly with disaster. He writes sometimes humorously. But the voyage of the *Glory Be* was not comic. Mr. Clark did not think so at the time nor does he think so now. With engaging honesty he inscribes his book's own epitaph:

"Humor played but a small part in those 18 months. Money. Money. Money. Going. Going. Gone."

John W. Vandercook is the author of "Black Majesty."

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Travelers in Africa

KINGS AND KNAVES IN THE CAMEROONS. By Andre Lvoff Mikhelson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $3.

THE GOLD MISSUS. By Katherine Fowler-Lunn. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by PATRICK T. L. PUTNAM

MR. MIKHELSON'S book tells how he was chosen, because he knew nothing about mining, to go to the Cameroons with a man called Dekker, for the purpose of exposing the fraud of a third party who pretended to have discovered tungsten ore. In one of the episodes the third party almost succeeded in poisoning Dekker and the author-hero.

Mr. Mikhelson's description of the mutually disparaging conversations of the different European groups he encountered on his trip draws amusingly from life. But when he takes us among his Negroes and his Negresses, they prove to be vocal and mobile figures, more or less draped, armed, respectively, with a spear, which always just misses its mark (the author), and with sex-appeal, which also just misses its mark (also the author). As fiction, the story would be hardly second-rate. But it should be read, even carefully studied, by those who wish to know what not to believe about the Cameroons today.

Katherine Fowler was a girl from Boston who grew up to be a mining geologist. Her Ph.D. thesis was based on work in the Laramie Mountains of Wyoming, "far more difficult," she says, "than my job in Africa." In 1929, at a Geological Congress in South Africa, she met an Englishman called Lunn. They were married in London a few months later. But he signed a contract for work in Africa, and one of the clauses specified that he was not to be accompanied by his wife. "So," she writes, "I made up my mind. I would go to Sierra Leone, which was also in West Africa, and do geology on my own. It was only a thousand miles away from the Gold Coast—and we could go out on the same boat. I chose Sierra Leone because it had barely been scratched, geologically speaking."

Mr. Mikhelson was searching for wolfram in a figment of his imagination, which he labels "the Cameroons." The Gold Missus was prospecting for gold and iron in a very real Sierra Leone, and found them both, as well as the first molybdenum deposits discovered in Africa. Her first trip was on her own, and it proved her professional ability so well that the last two were made in the employ of a mining company. Her geological reports went to her employers. Her *carnet de route* is offered to the public.

By car where there were roads, on foot where there were none; through the forest, through the grassland; across the streams on black backs, across the rivers in dug-outs; into the District Commissioner's mansion, into mud huts with leaky roofs; with good cooks, with bad cooks; with revolver in her belt as a greenhorn near the coast, with revolver in the bottom of a box in the interior—in short, through Sierra Leone, her work leads her.

The account is highly interesting to those interested in mining or geology; interesting to those interested in Sierra Leone or colonial administration; and nostalgic to those who have lived the life and loved it. It is written in a clear and very readable style. No one would read far into the night to get to the end, but few would begin it and not finish it at leisure. Above all, "The Gold Missus" is a precious antidote for one suffering from an overdose of Kings and Knaves in the Cameroons.

Patrick T. L. Putnam lived for several years in Central Africa.

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The New Books

Biography

MALESHERBES: Defender and Reformer of the French Monarchy. By J. M. S. Allison. Yale University Press. 1938. $2.50.

Malesherbes will be chiefly remembered for the courage with which he consented to serve as defender of Louis XVI in the famous trial of the king before the Convention, an act which eventually brought the defender to the guillotine during the Terror. But he had had a long and distinguished career before this dramatic end. He came from the highest stock of the old nobility of the robe, was the friend and protector of Diderot, d'Alembert, Rousseau, and many others of that extraordinary band of French intellectuals who paved the way for the Revolution, and as a member of the King's council, worked faithfully, if vainly, to reform the monarchy from within. Beyond the encyclopedias and the general works, there was nothing at all on him in English, and no good study even in French. Professor Allison's study will be welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. Brief though it is, it leaves nothing important untouched. It is based on a thorough grasp of manuscript and printed authorities, and is capably put together according to the best practices of the guild of professional historians. Malesherbes was not a person whose life will attract the seeker after thrills, Freudian or journalistic. But no one interested in the more sober side of the eighteenth century should neglect Professor Allison's excellent little book.

C. B.

Fiction

PARTS UNKNOWN. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Messner. 1938. $2.50.

In spite of the obvious romantic attributes of diplomacy, the American Foreign Service scarcely seems the most likely place in which to find true love flourishing. Yet Mrs. Keyes makes her Southern heroine probably the most ecstatically faithful wife of the year. Her husband, who starts out as Vice-Consul in La Paz (not a bad post as first posts go), ends up in the novel's grand finale as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, no less. Of course he owes it all to his wife, who has meanwhile been refusing Ministerial appointments herself, flying the Atlantic to be with a sick child, and practically winning a Presidential campaign single handed. (That's all.) In the end she gets her husband, who has abandoned career diplomacy for business, back into harness, and retires content into a wifely background. All for love, of course.

Mrs. Keyes is so disarmingly bold about her plot that it is impossible not to like her book, though it cannot be said to throw much new light on the always puzzling question of how and why our Foreign Service lives. There is much local detail that is convincingly filled in, whether the characters are in Bolivia, China, Normandy, or St. Peter's-at-the-Crossroads, Virginia. The story is told in the author's familiar manner, enthusiastic and highly colored, with great rushes of romance alternating with pleasantly snobbish descriptions of life in picturesque spots abroad. Mrs. Keyes is less successful with her Washington politicians and campaigns, but her powers of imagination seldom fail her whether she is telling us about a Drawing Room or the press car on a Presidential special train. It's all completely unbelievable and quite entertaining. Perhaps the Foreign Service is, too.

T. P., Jr.

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The Atlantic Monthly Press
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

THE LONG TOMORROW. By Evelyn Voss Wise. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.

In all the literature of tenderness there is, we suppose, no more universally appealing figure than the teacher who devotes his time, with complete self-forgetfulness, to the service of others. Unlike Mr. Chips, whose charm for the susceptible seems to have been closely related to a certain sweet ineptitude in the doing of his job, the guide, counselor, and friend in Mrs. Wise's novel is an eminently practical creature.

In the year 1881, when Father Pierre takes up his work in an isolated corner of the Minnesota prairie, very nearly everything remains to be done to make the life of the residents livable. The young priest starts a free school for the children of the impoverished farmers; teaches the men how to operate a cheese factory successfully on a coöperative basis; creates a community spirit in which there is warmth and gaiety and solidarity. Though he has to face religious prejudice in the older generation of Scandinavians, he wins complete loyalty from the children of all groups. Mrs. Wise does not merely claim for him the virtue of dedication to duty, but dramatizes his quiet resourcefulness in many scenes of graciousness and humor and insight. The literature of tenderness has its own code, of course. One tenet calls for the understressing of the tragic element in community life. Though there are evidences of squalor and violence in the story, they are so mellowed by the influence of Father Pierre's genial philosophy as to be hardly distressing at all. One feels that the lives of the Hansons, the Carlsons, the Monahans, and the Kellys have not been explored deeply, but that on the surface they have been regarded with honest eyes.

"The Long Tomorrow" is sturdier than many other books of its genre for two reasons. First, it is aware of the social theme. The development of the coöperative is sketched hastily, but with specific reference to detail. Second, it partakes of the character of the regional novel, by concerning itself with interesting and picturesque tradition local to Minnesota. Though this is her first novel, Mrs. Wise writes expertly and with full appreciation of the quality of the story she has to tell.

J. G.

A ROOF AGAINST THE RAIN. By Elizabeth Higgins. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1938. $2.50.

This feminine portrait is perhaps not a speaking likeness, but it is sufficiently well drawn to be recognizable, and provides a pleasantly satiric commentary on the vagaries of the womanly mind. Mary Boots is a young social worker whose strong romantic inclinations are tempered by a background of poverty. Though hell-bent to get herself a man well provided with this world's goods, she is continually assuring herself that she is no gold-digger and will never sell herself before the altar. Being a perfect lady, in fact, is her fetish, and she is naturally distressed when her mother strays from the path of respectability. After several thwarted attempts to bag more attractive game, Mary saves the situation by marrying a senile old man, thereby securing a settlement generous enough to provide a roof against even the worst downpour. And of course she convinces herself that her conduct has been blameless. Lest the reader find the heroine too unattractive, the author provides a sympathetic conclusion.

The story plumbs no new depths, but it does provide an entertaining character study, perhaps a trifle longer than necessary and at times choked with detail of welfare work. Miss Higgins writes with real humor and tolerance, as well as an obvious understanding of Mary's type, and her book should appeal to feminine readers who do not take too seriously the legend of woman's sacred mission.

T. P., Jr.

DREAM OF FREEDOM. By E. C. Piltine. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.50.

Here is another of those books—their numbers seem ever increasing, or is it that reviewers grow old—in which one can honestly admire the author's skill and yet feel that the product is disappointing. The story is of a frustrated Viennese physician mentally stranded in New York, who when well on into his forties, falls in love at first sight with a patient's wife and endures all the anguish of an adolescent. He sighs beneath his beloved's window for hours at a time, neglects his work, quarrels with his associates, and when hope is gone, attempts suicide by

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slipping on a banana skin. And all the time he is trying to rationalize his love-behavior and allay its pangs with Freudian analysis and the philosophy of Stirner. The romance is interlarded with the now familiar hospital scenes and conflicts between medical men who are out for money and those who reverence truth and science. A modern touch is the interjection of a group of rebels who want socialized medicine. Undoubtedly the author conceived of Rudolph Schülder as a tragic figure, of Julia as a woman motivated by deep mysterious impulses that she and no one else can understand. Unfortunately they emerge as typical neurotics, and although neurotics as a class are indeed tragic, as individuals their futility and lack of proportion are more likely to arouse exasperation than pity. It takes a Dostoievsky to make an epileptic's hysteria a symbol of universal tragedy. But E. C. Philtine is not to be condemned because in a first novel he or she has not quite pulled it off. The writing and meticulous attention to detail show ability beyond the average.

M. S. U.

International

PROPAGANDA FROM CHINA AND JAPAN. By Bruno Lasker and Agnes Roman. New York: Institute of Pacific Relations. 1938. $1.50.

This interesting case study of propaganda is based on representative quotations from Chinese and Japanese materials which reached the United States between July and December, 1937. The authors set themselves the limited task of assisting the reader to distinguish various propaganda techniques. They have sought to lay bare the methods used by propagandists on both sides to enlist the sympathies of the American public. An introductory chapter defines what the authors consider to be propaganda. Information withheld may be as significant an element as information supplied, as brought out in the chapter relating to the origins of the war and the progress of hostilities. Further chapters take up not only the more positive appeals for direct American action or aid, but also the subtler attempts to play upon American preconceptions of one kind or another.

Despite the authors' skillful elaboration of these various propaganda techniques, it may well be doubted whether the average person could successfully apply the warnings to his own reading. The demand on the power of abstract analysis seems to be set too high. A careful reading of this book, in fact, tends to reinforce the conclusion—noted in the foreword—that the only effective safeguard against propaganda is detailed knowledge. The average reader wants to be able to sift truth from falsehood; in this case, to know where Chinese statements about Japan are true or false and *vice versa*. Full accomplishment of such a purpose is nullified by the authors' limited objective. As the book stands, failure to analyze the content of the quotations will probably leave the uninformed reader as confused as ever with regard to concrete issues of the war.

T. A. B.

Miscellaneous

THE BIG CITY. By Robert Sinclair. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $3.

This book contains 392 pages of almost unrelieved invective. It took seven years to write, and there is probably no gloomier book on the market today. It is an exposé of London, conducted with all the vindictive relish but with none of the imagination of a Swift. London's millions are governed by three hundred and fifty-five rival bodies; one-third of its population is doomed to die a pauper's death; its children are underfed and underclothed; its education is the least efficient in the kingdom; its inhabitants are sickly in soul and body; its prosperity is a shoddy myth. So runs Mr. Sinclair's terrible argument.

"The Big City," because it is undeniably thorough, has a real value. It raises questions which are of deep interest to citizens of other cities than London. But it may not achieve its effect and for two reasons. (1) Mr. Sinclair is so anxious to condemn everything that some of his chapters read like a glimpse, not of the dark side of London, but of the dark side of the moon. (2) His invective, at its best, is statistical: he hates in figures, and condemns in percentages. Very few of us are equipped for statistical reading; and the result is that we are apt to suspect all statistics, and to repeat to ourselves the unfortunate cliché that statistics can prove whatever you want them to prove.

G. D.

INVESTMENTS AND INVESTMENT POLICY. By Floyd F. Burtchett. Longmans, Green. 1938. $4.

The present tendency to subject private wealth to an increasing degree of government control is profoundly affecting the field of capital investment. Consequently much that has been written during the past decade about investment practice and policy is now mainly of historic interest. Any new study of this subject must justify itself by enabling the student to effect his reorientation under the new dispensation.

This is what Professor Burtchett seeks to do. He recognizes the fact that our newer social philosophy means a marked extension of state control over the economic life of the individual and that this entails a patrol of the investment field to a degree hitherto unknown. Yet he devotes a relatively small portion of the book to a discussion of this control. The Securities and Exchange Commission, for example, is only mentioned in passing, in spite of the fact that in its brief period of operations it has achieved far-reaching changes in the securities markets. It is true that its history is as yet too short to justify a final verdict on its accomplishments, but they have already been too important to be disregarded.

In nearly every other respect the treatment of investments is adequate. The author has produced a useful manual packed with detailed information. A well-selected and well-arranged list of collateral readings follows the text. While the volume has been arranged primarily with a view to its use by college classes, it will be useful also to the investor. There are a few inaccuracies of detail and some typographical slips, but these are not serious.

W. O. S.

UPSTREAM AND DOWN. By Howard T. Walden, II. Illustrated by Milton C. Weiler. Derrydale Press. 1938. $10.

This is no manual for fly fishermen, but a collection of essays on the art, the philosophy, and what might be called the morals of trout fishing. Mr. Walden can be diffuse, and is not averse to sentiment, but at his best, as in the first essay on a boy's first trout, he is very good indeed. This man fishes with his imagination. He is modest as to his own skill, which is evidently adequate, but since he is not obsessed with mere catching, he is free to observe; and as a result gives us excellent studies of fishermen types, of which the sketch of an old man, alone and happy in the perfection of his rhythms, as he wades upstream for the thousandth time, and the little study of the "natural" who knew when waters looked "trouty," are as original as they are charming. Mr. Walden sees the spring-laden banks of the river, and the beauty of the water, as well as his rises; he is not afraid of "worming," not ashamed of his excitement over "big ones"; no dilettante, for he admits, as every fisherman knows, that you really have to catch them in order to get joy out of the sport. The region is vaguely New Jersey and the headwaters of the Delaware, the trout are big browns, rainbows, and "natives" which clearly are his favorites. This book is not too literary for a sportsman; not bold and factual, and so can be ranked as nature literature; not merely descriptive, and therefore may help to catch as well as to appreciate trout. The illustrations are sensitive, unobtrusive, and very satisfying.

H. S. C.

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DO YOU WANT UNUSUAL PRIVACY directly on the lower Connecticut River? Two houses (together). Beautiful view. Restricted residential area. Modern conveniences. Ideal for a writer. Rent for summer, $500. Box 729-C.

WANTED TO RENT by year, unfurnished house, modern conveniences, six to eight rooms. Location preferred: sea port town in Massachusetts. Box 727-C.

FROM THE LITTLE MILL on Big Creek, Highlands, N. C. (Highest Incorporated Town in Eastern America.) You can obtain two 2½ lb. pokes of mountain-grown, water-ground corn meal with receipts, parcel posted to your address for one dollar. As maple sugar improves its flavor in its most northerly habitat so does corn improve its taste in higher altitudes.

KENNETH RIDGE—WATCH HILL, Rhode Island. Open for guests. Beautiful estate overlooking ocean. Quiet, restful. Booklet.

TO LIVE AT KILOMETRE KNOLL is good for body and for soul; The food and talk are good and plenty, The weekly charge is five and twenty; Ridgefield, Connecticut the station, Eight hundred feet the elevation. Miss Margaret Franklin or her sire Will tell you more if you inquire.

BACHELOR seeks correspondence with thirty-ish, civilized, non-sophisticate female, interests music, outdoors, the good life. Box 720-C.

BEFORE YOU MAKE vacation plans, experience the peaceful comfort of The Farm on the Hill, R.R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

COTTAGE, attractive 5 rooms, furnished, improvements, brook, lower Catskills, ideal for children. $200 season. MILVY. Gra. 7-0441.

APARTMENT—four rooms, to sublet. Three months, $150. Box 764-C, or Rh. 4-0619.

IMMEDIATE BARGAIN. Four months' lease or less. Three charming housekeeping rooms, central Greenwich Village. Terrace, flowers, sleeping-porch. Cool, convenient. Also Arizona canyon home with horses, fishing, swimming, for season. Phone WA. 9-5412.

COLLEGE WOMAN, middle-aged, seeks through correspondence, companionship. Prerequisites for congeniality; love of literature, theater, outdoors. Box 750-C.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR LIMITED NUMBER—nice old country home, foothills Mount Mansfield. Equipped for pleasant and comfortable living. Particularly desirable for those seeking restful atmosphere. "Stonybrook," Underhill Center, Vermont.

A RECOGNIZED CAMP for Jewish Girls conducted in a non-sectarian manner is ready to offer six full scholarships—three to girls from ten to eleven and three from fifteen to seventeen—preferably girls of foreign birth or the daughters of college instructors. The regular fee is over $400. The incidental expenses of uniform and transportation (about $100.) would have to be borne by the parents. A personal interview would be arranged. Box 751-C.

TWO YOUNGISH TEACHERS, ex-camp councillors, would like to care for four children this summer. Cabin, all conveniences, southern New Hampshire. Swimming in small lake—cleanest and clearest water in world—games, hikes, careful supervision. Tutoring if desired. $25 per week. Box 752-C.

VERMONT FARM for sale. Charming remodeled house ready for occupancy. Water, view, situation the best. Near Wallingford. Roderick Peattie, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

YOUNG POLISH countess here from Europe, serious, able give highest American references, desires spend summer country, seashore with fine family as companion, children, young people, lady. Speaks perfect French, German. Box 753-C.

APARTMENT for summer overlooking Columbia University. Six light, airy rooms; three baths; four exposures. Attractive. $110. Phone UNi. 4-1285 or Box 754-C.

HOIST THE SAILS aboard an old down-east schooner for a vacation under sail, cruising along the Coast of Maine. One week, all expenses, $32.00. Two weeks, $60.00. Frank Swift, Box 57, Camden, Maine.

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YALE JUNIOR, aged twenty, would like a position this summer. Tutor, travelling companion, chauffeur, or what have you? Box 755-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, 24, teacher, expert stenographer, desires summer position, country. Tutor, governess, secretary. Box 756-C.

"SEA MEADOWS," Cousins Island, Maine. Vacation as guests of "Nouveaus Pauvres" in century-old brick farm house (completely modernized) on island in beautiful Casco Bay. Private bathing beaches, croquet, golf, fishing, boating. Home grown vegetables, eggs, milk. Rates reasonable. Table excellent.

YOUNG BOSTON physician of best training, single, Nordic, available in mid-September, looks to travel for next year. Would accompany private party in exchange for services or would join anthropological expedition. Box 757-C.

NESHANIC—52 miles from city; 27 acres, on mountain slope, wide view, brook, reconditioned old house, exceptionally large beautiful living room, fireplaces, all conveniences; $8,000. Veda Elvin, Neshanic, N. J.

IF YOU NEED SEA-CLIFFS AND WOODS in your vacation apply Whale Cove Cottage, Grand Manan Island, Canada. Fresh vegetables. Open fire. No radio. Rates $18 and $20.

WESTCHESTER LADY with wide acquaintance amongst better class local homes can make lucrative connection in organization of exclusive recreational group. Box 758-C.

HOUSES FOR RENT—Part main house unfurnished. Six rooms, bath—also seven-room cottage, furnished. George Sheldon, Dorset, Vermont.

SUBLET, TO OCTOBER—63 East End Ave., 82nd St.: Attractively furnished airy, four-room apartment. One flight up, grand piano. Telephone RH. 4-8447 or BU. 8-2011.

IF YOU DON'T MIND CLIMBING two flights of stairs you'll find unusually pleasant front room in professional woman's private house near East River. $15 monthly. Sacramento 2-8328.

YOUNG MAN, 22, Master's Degree (history), seeks position as tutor, companion. Interested in writing. Travel, bread and butter. Knows France and Switzerland. Box 759-C.

IS THERE AN inexpensive cottage in New England (preferably Maine) for two dames wanting Peace and Rest during August? Box 760-C.

AMERICAN educated in France suffering from nostalgia seeks friendly correspondence in French with French, Italian or American woman enthusiast for European culture. Box 761-C.

EAT—SLEEP—SWIM—TENNIS—RELAX at Beecher Lodge. Budd Lake, N. J.

MAINE at its best all to yourself. Place for few guests in comfortable year-round home. Superior home table. Small island off Mount Desert. Mrs. Velma Teel, Cranberry Isles.

YOUNG LADY, college graduate, good driver, will chauffeur refined woman to California for summer. Box 763-C.

IS THERE A YOUNG LADY IN PHILAdelphia who would be interested in writing advertising copy on a speculative basis to share in the profits if and when sold? Here is an opportunity to become associated with a man who has successfully sold creative printing and who intends quietly to develop a business that will soon justify one's entire time being devoted to it. Box 762-C.

CAPABLE WOMAN, excellent background, companion or manager, household, country, estate. Drive car. Box 766-C.

RENT FOR SEASON: Charmingly restored Eighteenth Century residence of artist, in Washington, Connecticut; Litchfield Hills. Eight rooms completely furnished with antiques; grand piano; library; large acreage of meadows, fields, and woods. Electric kitchen; every modern convenience. Inspection by appointment. Box 765-C.

110 EAST 17—3-room apartment to share with professional woman in her 30's. Cool, quiet, attractive; convenient transportation; independent, separate rooms. $35. Stephens, STuyvesant 9-6889; TRiangle 5-1190.

IN SEARCH OF AN OWNER who loves fine things—knows the worth of expert craftsmanship—warms to fireplaces in pine-panelled rooms—thrills to breath-taking mountain view—plays at riding, fishing, hunting, swimming, hiking, skiing. Modern house in eleven evergreen acres, Franconia, priced less than one-third original cost. Write Box Three Eighty-four, Salem, Massachusetts.

PANDORA, 28, would exchange observations and ideas. Box 768-C.

Double-Crostics: No. 218

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-K	2-D	3-V	4-Z		5-H	6-F		7-B	8-F	9-C		10-U	11-M	12-N	13-L
	14-B	15-E		16-F		17-W	18-V	19-M	20-I	21-A		22-B	23-T		24-C	
25-M	26-H	27-Y	28-X	29-K		30-X	31-T	32-Y	33-Z		34-S	35-C		36-A	37-G	
38-V	39-X	40-Z	41-H	42-M	43-I	44-W	45-G		46-S	47-A	48-H		49-Y	50-H	51-Z	52-J
	53-A	54-T	55-R	56-S	57-Q	58-J	59-Y	60-Z	61-M	62-K	63-G		64-D	65-I	66-Q	67-Y
68-E	69-X		70-P	71-B	72-E		73-Z	74-S	75-J	76-T	77-U	78-N	79-M		80-U	81-W
82-V	83-S	84-Y	85-N		86-C	87-F	88-H	89-G		90-Y	91-I	92-M	93-C	94-N	95-S	96-H
	97-A	98-J	99-B	100-L		101-Q	102-C	103-P	104-S		105-D	106-F	107-B		108-W	109-L
110-J	111-P		112-X	113-H	114-Z	115-E		116-O	117-A		118-C	119-H	120-B		121-S	122-R
123-G	124-O		125-L	126-W	127-G	128-E	129-Q	130-M	131-O		132-C	133-K	134-U	135-L	136-F	137-N
138-V		139-B	140-Q	141-J		142-Y	143-E	144-P	145-D	146-Q	147-O	148-N	149-R		150-I	151-O
	152-A	153-E	154-V		155-I	156-F	157-C		158-W	159-R	160-A	161-S	162-Q	163-K	164-L	
165-M	166-B		167-Z	168-L	169-G		170-X	171-B	172-K	173-H	174-S	175-U	176-Q	177-P	178-Y	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Mainstay; determination.

B. Contemporary.

C. Having an end in itself.

D. Unsalable dirty, or waste, coal.

E. Diaphragm.

F. Power of Darkness (Egypt. Myth.).

G. Inevitable result (Gr. Myth.).

H. Exaltation; glorification.

I. Not in the least.

J. Fondle, pamper.

K. Jacket or short coat.

L. Monotonous, commonplace.

M. Contrarily.

N. Cloaked, hidden.

O. Educational novel by Rousseau.

P. Social novel by Charles Kingsley.

Q. German pianist and conductor (1830-1894).

R. Character in "As You Like It."

S. Occasion of spiritual agony (Bib.).

T. Italian river.

U. Wrangle.

V. Revealed; expanded.

W. City in Italy.

X. Divested oneself of.

Y. Stamped.

Z. Brought to a standstill.

WORDS

36 152 53 21 160 47 117 97

99 14 120 7 139 71 166 22 171 107

24 86 118 35 157 9 93 102 132

2 145 64 105

115 143 72 153 68 15 128

16 136 156 87 8 106 6

89 169 123 37 63 127 45

5 26 88 48 119 50 113 173 41 96

155 20 150 91 43 65

58 98 110 141 75 52

133 163 29 1 62 172

100 125 135 164 168 109 13

19 42 11 79 130 165 61 25 92

94 137 12 78 148 85

124 131 116 147 151

111 177 70 144 103

176 57 140 146 66 162 129 101

122 149 159 55

83 161 34 104 121 174 56 74 46 95

76 31 23 54

77 80 134 10 175

38 18 3 82 154 138

126 81 108 158 44 17

69 170 30 112 28 39

59 49 67 27 32 90 178 84 142

167 51 114 4 73 60 33 40

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

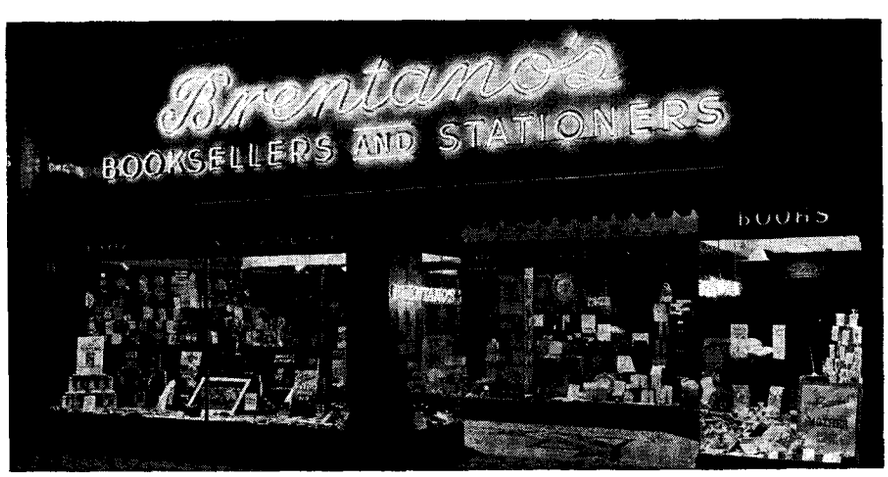
AN excellent graduation-gift is Macmillan's Modern Dictionary, lately published ($3.50). This remarkably legible and usable volume, nearly 1500 pp., combines the utilities of both dictionary and encyclopaedia and Mr. Bruce Overton, its editor, deserves congratulation. ☞We notice in same an ingenious etymology: the suggestion that the name *limerick* (for a five-line poem) is a corruption of *Learic* (viz. a lyric by Edward Lear). ☞One of Old Q.'s hobbies is keeping tab on the gradual seepage of Walt Whitman into the general consciousness. He is no longer a dirt road but getting to be an Arterial Highway. In a recent list of 100 Books Every American Should Read issued by the A. L. A. *Leaves of Grass* ranked number 14. ☞As a tidbit for Walt's birthday, Professor Carlton Wells (University of Michigan) very kindly sent us a copy of a letter written by J. A. Symonds in 1892, soon after Whitman died. He said: "Whitman, to my mind, is a personality as pregnant and as interesting as Cellini or Michelangelo. And I believe that he has a great future." ☞Professor Wells tells us that he found this letter, together with a first of Symonds' book on Whitman, at Sotheby's in London for 15 shillings. ☞The annual Whitman Birthday fiesta will be held May 31 at 3 P.M. Daylight, at the Haddon Fortnightly Club, Haddonfield, N. J. Drive from Camden Airport out Route 40 ("Three Killed Daily") to Haddonfield Circle. ☞Mrs. J. L. Pennypacker and Ralph Wescott will give a dialogue on Walt Whitman in Haddonfield. Visitors welcome.

☞We hear from Wendel Goodpasture about Brentano's new shop in Chicago (29 S. Wabash Ave). Mr. P. W. Coussens, whose bookselling experience extends over 46 years, has written a lively description of the new store, in which we miss only one thing—a new Saints and Sinners corner. This would be appropriate, as the Chicago Brentano's is the inheritor of the old retail business of A. C. McClurg—which was probably the only bookstore in the world whose entire stock was three times destroyed by fire. ☞The McClurg business dated back as far as 1844 (taken over 1923 by Brentano when McClurg went wholesale); the Brentano line began in New York in 1854. ☞Mr. Coussens tells us that the new store is 40 x 175 feet, with an 80 foot mezzanine in the rear. The windows are so arranged that there is a glass display frontage of 96 feet. ☞Louise Perry and Katherine Burton, of Wheaton College (Norton, Mass.) have started the Periwinkle Press for the publication of small private items. Their number 1 is a mnemonic rhyme of the kings and queens of England. ☞Robert Frost, dedicating a new reading room at Allegheny College, spoke of his life on a New England farm. He said "I could tear the leaves out of my books and lay the poems pretty nearly to cover the little 30-acre farm. I could find places where almost every one of those poems took its rise." ☞Tall travelers, of whom the book business has its share, will be pleased to hear that in the new streamline trains the P. R. R. is putting in service June 15 the berths will be 6 feet 5 inches. ☞Lucius Beebe has been going round the country taking photos for his railroad book *High Iron.*

Edith Wharton's Unfinished Novel

☞Trade Winds' own series of Exclusive Tip-offs: Edith Wharton at the time of her death on August 11, 1937 left among her papers the manuscript of a novel, entitled *The Buccaneers.* D. Appleton-Century Company plan to publish the volume in September of this year. ☞It is a novel laid in those 1870's which have been the period of some of Mrs. Wharton's finest work, including *The Age of Innocence.*

☞Mrs. Wharton had completed a major part of the novel but had not written the ending of the story. Fortunately a full outline which she had prepared for the plot construction clearly reveals the fates of the characters and the course the story was to follow. This will be published in the volume and it affords an interesting insight into Mrs. Wharton's methods of work.



Brentano's New Shop in Chicago

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